

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO ALL AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

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Newspaper.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

DECEMBER 1st,
1941



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HE WAS ABOUT TO WHISPER
"LOVELY LADY...DON'T EVER LEAVE ME!"
 UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



AUTHENTIC NATIONAL SURVEY PROVES*
**MOST DENTISTS
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**Don't risk the charm
 of your smile! Let Ipana and Gum Massage help
 guard you from "Pink" on your Tooth Brush!**

THE WORDS WERE on his lips
 —"You're lovely—lovely! All my
 dreams rolled into one!"

And then, poor girl, she smiled!
 How foolish to let loveliness be ruined
 by a dull and lifeless smile! Don't ever
 run this risk. Let yours be a smile of
 beauty... a bright and radiant smile
 of sparkling teeth and healthy gums.

NEVER NEGLECT YOUR GUMS!
 Your gums as well as your teeth need
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 ... see your dentist right away.

**"PINK" ON YOUR TOOTH
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 mean that your gums, denied hard

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 "the healthful stimulation of Ipana
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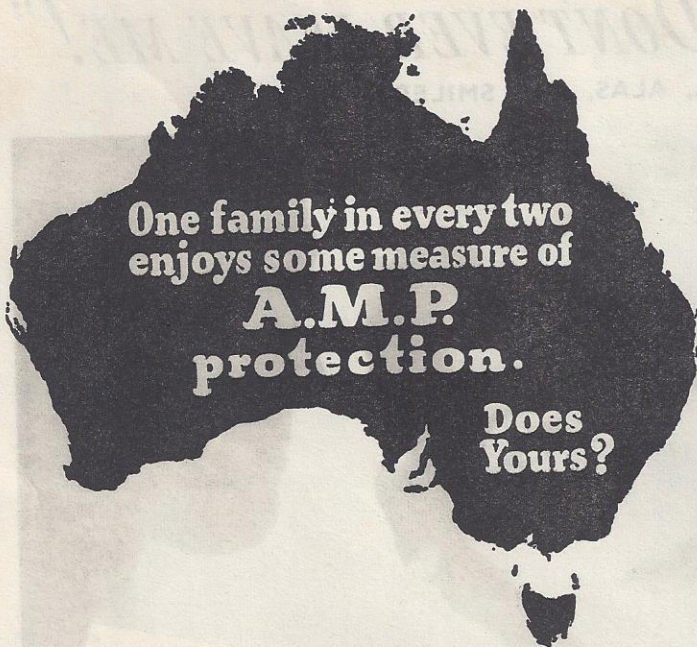
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 So when you brush your teeth, massage
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 That pleasant "tang" you notice (ex-
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 evidence that gum stimulation is being
 increased... that gums are being
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GET A TUBE OF IPANA...
 today and start the sensible practice
 of Ipana and massage! See how it
 helps your gums to become finer,
 your teeth brighter, your smile more
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 by CHEMISTS ONLY... Regular Size, 1/-. Super Size, 2/-.
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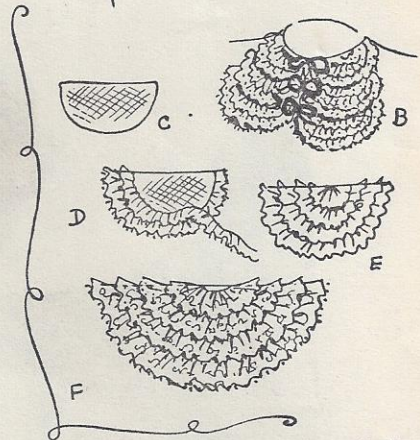
Branch Offices at Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth and Hobart.

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Lace Jabot.

For pieces of sheer frivolity a frosty white lace collar or jabot is unequalled. So useful if you have a rather severe black or navy frock that needs brightening up. They can make your office frock into a "date" creation.

Cut out six circles of net (use saucer as pattern); double in half, making semi-circle (sketch C). Tack on four rows of lace edging, as



shown in sketches D, E and F. Tack the six together to form collar; finish with black velvet bow.

For jabot, illustrated in sketch B, tack together three of the finished semi-circles, overlapping each other, for either side of the jabot; fasten to dress, finish with three rows of velvet baby ribbon.

Rubbing It In.

They were strolling aimlessly along the river-bank. Presently, a man and his dog hove in view. As they came abreast of the two friends, Jones whipped off his hat.

A few seconds later Brown said: "Who was that you raised your hat to?"

"That? Oh, he was my barber! He sold me a bottle of alleged hair restorer a month ago, and whenever I meet him I raise my hat and let him see what a fraud he is."

One Thing.

An old negro got up one night at a Christmas revival meeting and said:—

"Brudders an' sisters, you knows an' I knows dat I ain't been what I oughter been. I'se robbed hen-roosts an' stole hawgs, an' told lies, an' got drunk, an' slashed folks with mah razor, an' cussed and swore; but I thank Heaven dere's one thing I ain't nebber done—I ain't nebber lost mah religion."

Solved.

Four-year-old Bobby, perched on his father's knee in the crowded tram, looked hard at the stout, gaudily-dressed woman as she bustled in, sniffed contemptuously, and wedged herself into the only seat left.

Then he turned to his mother.

"Mum," he said, loudly, "it's a lady."

"Hush, Bobby, dear," mother checked him; "we know."

"But, mummy"—Bobby was puzzled—"you just said to dad, 'Whatever's this object comin' in?'"

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B18-41



The little play suit worn by Baby Sandy is made of the brightest coloured crepe material, in a pattern that should gladden any child's heart. The top, with the square front, continues to the side seam and is joined to the pants part at the waist. Little straps extend over the shoulders from the front to the back waistline.

“It matters more what's in a woman's face than what's on it.”—Claudette Colbert.

The wife had been put on the Budget plan. At the end of the first month she and her husband went over the accounts together.

The second entry read, “H.O.K., 15/-,” and again a little further on appeared, “H.O.K., £3.”

Finally he asked: “My dear, what does this H.O.K. mean?”

“Heaven Only Knows,” was her startling reply.

Baby Knitting Book, No. 3.

The knitter of baby clothes cannot afford to be without our No. 3 Baby Book. Note some of the articles:—

Coat and Bonnet in shell pattern; Blue Bird Knitting Set; The Royal Seven-piece Layette; The Gloria Baby Set; Baby's Outdoor Suit; Gaiters; Knitted Boots; Baby Set in Pyramid Stitch; Marguerite Fan Set; Betty Baby Set with Lattice Yoke; Three-piece Set Leaf Pattern; Blackberry Stitch Set; Gloves; Dainty Lace Set without a yoke, etc. Fifty-six pages, in which every set described and illustrated is new, and never before published. Send postal note for 1/2 to “Australian Home Journal,” 407-409 Kent St., Sydney.

Festivity Punch.

Four bunches fresh mint, 1 quart fresh orange juice, 4 lemons, 3 cupsful sugar, 3 quarts weak tea, 1 quart grape juice, 9 bottles ginger ale (13½ cupsful), ½ quart strawberries, 1½ pints water.

Place 3 bunches of fresh mint in a cheese-cloth and boil in 1½ pints of water for 5 minutes. Pare the lemons very thin, and let the parings remain in the mint mixture until it is cool. Strain. Make 3 quarts of weak tea by adding ½ cupful of tea to 3 quarts of hot water and seeping for a few minutes. Strain, and add 3 cupsful of sugar, stirring until it is dissolved. Squeeze the lemons and add their juice and that of the oranges to the tea. Add the grape juice and the cooled mint liquid, and strain once more. Then set aside to ripen until ready to use.

For garnishing, hull, wash and halve lengthwise ½ quart of strawberries, and in each glass put a sprig of the remaining bunch of mint. When ready to serve, pour the mixture over a block of ice in a large punch-bowl. Let stand for a few minutes to chill, and then add the ginger ale and strawberries. Do not stir. Serves 50.



Irene Dunne, Columbia star, wears this lavishly embroidered frock with short sleeves. Bodice has inverted tucks on the shoulders and at waist. Organdie trimming gives a light and airy touch to the neckline and front. Skirt has pleats in the back and a plain front with mock pockets attached to the waist. A large up-turned hat with a voluminous net veil finishes a very smart ensemble.

LADY TOTHILL

*drives a
London Ambulance*

—but Pond's two creams
keep her skin radiant

Lady Cynthia Tothill is the only sister of the fifth Earl of Bandon. Before the war she was keenly interested in the ballet and travelling. To-day she drives a London Ambulance....

QUESTION TO LADY TOTHILL:

Driving an Ambulance takes you out into all kinds of weather. Don't you find it harder to keep your skin flawlessly lovely?

ANSWER:

Yes, I'm doing vigorous outdoor work now, and it is hard on my complexion. But Pond's two creams are a splendid standby. They keep my skin in perfect condition, and have completely counteracted any tendency to develop lines and wrinkles as a result of eye strain.

You can follow the same beauty methods as the World's loveliest women—Pond's Two Creams

For thorough cleansing use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wash it off with cleansing tis-

sues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up ... keeps your skin flawless. Always use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours and protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind.



Sold at all stores and chemists, in small and large jars, also tubes for the hand bag. For economy, buy the large jar containing approximately 3½ times as much as the small jar.

FREE! Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL <input type="checkbox"/>	ROSE BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	SUNTAN <input type="checkbox"/>
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16-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS 4d. EACH.

Readers often ask for extra copies of Supplements given with the different issues of the "Australian Home Journal." Here is a list of Supplements available for 4d. each—while they last!

LADIES' KNIT WEAR: Teal and wine jumper; turquoise jumper; ribbed knitted jumper; jacket cardigan; yoke jumper; blue cable jumper; frilled jumper, etc.

NOVELTIES for the Needleworker: Noel Crochet Doily; Corner Trimmed Hankies; Dainty Edgings for Gifts; Guest Towel; Cot Quilt; Simple Crochet Cushion; Crochet Book Marks; Lavender Gifts; Knitting Needle Case; Jacobean Tea Serviette; Peasant Apron; Child's Knitted Bathing Suit; Crochet Trim for Necklines, etc.

SAY IT WITH FISH! "Out of the box" fish recipes and sauces. You will be de-

lighted with these. You don't know what you can do with fish, oysters and prawns till you study this booklet, which includes several chefs' exclusive recipes.

EASTER RECIPES: Fish, Cheese and Egg Dishes of rare excellence (illustrated). With these dishes, Easter can be made a season of delight. The variation in food is exceptional, and shows how much can be done by the cook of experience. Keep this book always by you.

MUMMIE WON A PRIZE: The Prize-winning recipes (illustrated) in the big "Australian Home Journal" Cookery competition. £400 prizes.

Just Wondering.

A lady had advertised for a girl for general housework and was showing the applicant over the house. She had been very liberal in her promises of privileges—afternoons off, evenings off, and so on—and it looked as though the two were about

to come to some agreement when the girl suddenly asked, "Do you do your own stretchin'?"

"Do we do our own what?" asked the puzzled mistress.

"Stretchin'," repeated the new girl.

"I don't understand."

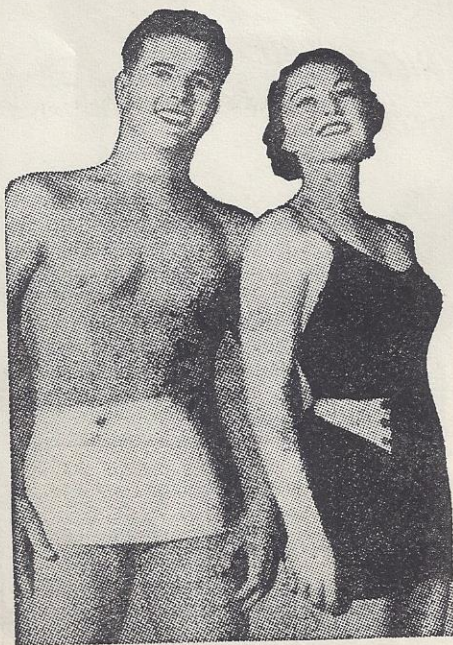
"Stretchin'," repeated the girl, a second time. "Do you put all the food on the table at dinner and stretch for it, or do I have to shuffle it round?"

In Doubt.

They sat at the table facing each other having a little Christmas supper. He mechanically consumed the food which she placed before him.

"Oh," she said. "I am so glad you like it. Mother says that there are only two things I can make properly—potato salad and marmalade tart."

"Indeed," said he, "and which of the two is this?"



THIN EMACIATED MEN & SCRAGGY NERVY WOMEN — — Lack Attractive Appeal

Now **COLOSEPTIC**—containing vital Food Minerals—supplies delicate, frail, emaciated mineral-starved bodies with new, vigorous Health and Strength. This amazing Mineral Food Enriches the Blood, Strengthens the Nerves, Promotes Sleep, Improves Appetite—in a few short days! Post Coupon for **FREE Trial**.

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CHLORINE—For Muscles and Joints. Prevents obesity, self-poisoning. Keeps muscles supple.
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It has been proved—and proved by well-known Food Scientists and Nutrition Experts such men as Professor Sherman, Sir Arbuthnot Lane, and Dr. Anderson—that the majority of people are run-down and exhausted for one reason, simply because they lack essential minerals in their bodies. Most of these people eat three good meals a day, yet their diet lacks some of the 12 essential Food Minerals and Vitamins which build Health, Strength, New Blood, Strong Nerves and Firm Flesh. **COLOSEPTIC** gives you all these mineral salts—and gives you them in such a way that they are at once assimilated by the body.

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EGG COSY.

Abbreviations: Ch, chain; dc, double crochet; tr, treble.

Figure.

Use flesh colour wool and make a tassel 2 inches long as follows: Tie top of tassel $\frac{1}{2}$ inch down from fold of wool, to form head. Tie off strands at sides to form arms $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long. Tie waist $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from neck. Mark mouth and nostrils in simple stitches in red, and work blue single stitch spots for eyes. A row of stem-stitch in brown makes the hair.

Hat.—Into a ring of 3 ch work 12 tr. Sew on to back of head.

Body Dress.—Drape strands of wool crosswise on body to give a Bertha effect.

Skirt.—1st row—Into a ring of 12 ch, work 18 dc.

2nd row—2 tr into each dc.



3rd row—Increase 1 tr into every second tr; making 54 tr in row.

4th row—1 tr into each tr. Turn for next row.

5th row—1 row of loop stitches, worked as follows: Insert hook into 1 tr, wind wool around first finger of left hand, taking in hook, once, then over hook again to make two over hook. Bring all through the tr, then bring wool through as if working a dc. Slip loop off finger. Repeat into each tr. Turn.

6th row—1 tr into each stitch, turn.

Repeat 5th and 6th rows twice.

Press the loops downwards with a warm iron, using a damp cloth.

The skirt may be worked from lower edge up to avoid pressing. Commence with 54 ch or sufficient to encircle egg cup and reduce after the frilled rows until you fit waist with about 12 tr.

Sew skirt on to figure and finish off with ribbon bow and rosebud trimming.



TAKE THE CASE OF LITTLE NORMY,

breakfast time was always stormy.



Till RICE BUBBLES changed his ways—



He's a model boy these days!

Kellogg's Rice Bubbles start up their friendly little chorus of Snap! Crackle! Pop!—as soon as you pour milk on them. They come to you oven-crisp. So crisp, they float in milk—never go soggy or mushy. What's more, Rice Bubbles are a sustaining food—whole-some, and easy to digest. Ask your grocer for a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles next time you're down the street.

"Rice Bubbles" are utterly distinct from any other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by Australian Letters Patent. Nos. 16524/28; 16525/28. "Rice Bubbles" is the trade mark of Kellogg's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for oven-popped rice.



*It's
Bushells*

Bushells

The Tea of Flavor

From The Jaws of Death

By FRANK H. SHAW.

The same jestful Fate that makes a present of a luxurious vineyard to a confirmed teetotaler, and gives nuts to those without teeth, ordained that Willoughby Ferrars, who loved his kind, should be planted down in a shattered Indian city, fifty miles from any other white man, where his principal labours consisted of persuading a young rajah that his income of one hundred thousand pounds per an-

evading the gracious smiles of a pretty widow on the P. & O. boat, who lured him into those sheltered corners which do abound on such vessels, and after feeling unwonted stirrings at his heart-strings because of a fresh-faced English girl, who was returning from Australia, he should find himself one night at a dinner table in the Savoy. This was only natural, for, as we have said, he loved his kind, and where shall a man see them at their best other than at the Savoy?

Then the thing happened. A party of five entered through the big doors and made slowly towards him, aiming for a table at his rear. He looked up, a sane, normal man; he looked out, still sane, still normal, and in less than five seconds by the big clock he was converted into a muttering, gibbering maniac. Before he had time to exhale the deep breath of surprise that set his shirt-front creaking, the thing was done—and he was looking rudely into the face of the very woman he had conjured into being out of the sands of an Indian desert!

A faint flush crept from her neck to her brow as he gazed, and then, because Ferrars was a gentleman, he dropped his eyes in some confusion.

num could not, by any stretching of the imagination, or of the purse-strings, be made to purchase two hundred thousand pounds' worth of follies.

Fate, still moving jovially, was pleased to command that Ferrars' steps should be directed homeward, after more years than he cared to count, and it chanced that after

There was no room for doubt about it. Eyes of sapphire-blue gleamed bewilderingly from under a low brow; a dear little nose, which could have only been meant by Nature to draw attention to the faultless curve of the carmine lips beneath; a chin that was rounded delightfully, and a neck that seemed composed of swansdown and springs, all made up a combination that sent the hot blood racing to Ferrars' heart in a torrent, and made the dry tongue of him vainly attempt to moisten his dryer lips.

A faint flush crept from her neck to her brow as he gazed,
[Turn to page 33.]



TO-NIGHT IS MINE

By FLORA BRUESS

In one blissful night Sally found love . . . BUT SHE KNEW IT WAS A LOVE THAT COULD NOT LAST . . . WHEN STEPHEN HEARD THE TRUTH ABOUT HER HE WOULD NEVER WANT TO TAKE HER IN HIS ARMS AGAIN . . .

The little car stopped dead. Phyllis sat back and gasped. "Oh, darn it! Stuck in a howling blizzard on a country road at this time of night. If I hadn't had to go out of my way—" Who would have thought that December sky was planning a blizzard? Sleet had begun to fall when Phyllis had left London, but what did a little sleet matter when she was going to drive to Greenacre to spend the Christmas week-end with Dad and Mother?

She leaned forward, stared through the tall gaunt trees, rubbed her eyes, stared again and laughed with relief, as yellow lights suddenly appeared through the darkening woods.

A house, and a big one! A country estate, no doubt.

"Perhaps I can stay there overnight. I'll tell them who I am. The music mistress in Miss Parke's School for Girls, is a testimonial in itself above question."

She turned up her coat collar, pulled her hat low over her bright hair, stepped out of the car and shook her fist at it.

"Freeze to death for all I care," she cried gayly, dark-blue eyes sparkling, red lips laughing, for warmth and shelter lay ahead.

It was a longer walk than Phyllis realized. When she reached the big porch, she was breathless from fighting against the blizzard. Evidently she had been seen, for the hall door opened and a young man rushed down the stairs, caught her as she reeled and slipped, and lifted her like a child.

"Relax. You're all in."

He glanced down at the lovely elfin face that rested on his shoulder. Long thick lashes lay like a dark smudge on cheeks whipped rosy-red by the wind. His arms tightened around her as he hurried up the steps.

Then Phyllis found herself on her feet in a big wood-panelled hall. Her hands were grasped by a lovely woman with silver-grey hair. She heard a chatter of young voices, every one talking at once.

"I was driving—my car broke down—"

Her lips, stiff with cold, moved painfully.

"My dear child, why didn't you take the train? Surely the weather was bad in London when you left?"

Someone had whisked off her wet hat.

Her damp hair clung in little curls to her cheeks. And another girl was slipping the wet coat from the slim body.

"The storm had put our telephone out of order, and I'm afraid no motor-cycle or car could get up from the village with your wire," the woman was saying.

Bewildered, Phyllis stared at the group surrounding her.



Her heart gave a queer little throb as she looked up—and saw Stephen standing there.

"Well, you're here, anyway," the young man who had carried her in said lightly. "I'll send the footman out for your luggage, and our chauffeur can tow your car to the garage and see what's wrong."

The older woman turned to him. "Yes, Stephen. Tell Sims to bring in Sally's things." She turned again to her.

"Are you thawing now, child? You have been too chilled to talk. But don't try. There's plenty of time."

Phyllis glanced from face to face. There were six men and six girls grouping round her. Was this a Christmas house party and she an expected guest? But how strange that no one knew she was not "Sally."

No doubt the real Sally had decided not to come because of the blizzard. Well, why not be Sally to-night? It would be a real adventure. And Stephen, evidently the son of the house, was quite enough to make a girl sit up and take notice.

Her eyes sparkled and suddenly she laughed.

"You are all right now, Sally," one of the girls said.

"Yes, I'm warm as toast," she said cheerfully.

They all tramped through to the drawing-room. Stephen put his hand under her elbow.

"I'm so glad you came, Sally. That sister of mine knows how to pick 'em." His voice was full of undisguised admiration.

"If I'm a friend of your sister," she thought, "how is it that no one knows I'm not Sally? And where is his sister?"

Several couples had drifted over to the fire-place with their tea-cups. Stephen pushed a chair up to the table, brought Phyllis tea and a plate of sandwiches.

Mrs. Mason looked approvingly at Phyllis's sparkling, glowing little face. Such a beautiful girl, she thought. So smiling and so gay.

"I'm very glad you came, Sally, but I'm very sorry you had so unpleasant an experience."

"It wasn't so bad," Phyllis laughed, and gave Stephen a swift, sidelong glance.

"We are all strangers to you, but I feel I know you, Sally, for Kay mentions you so often in her letters. It is so nice that you both went to the same art school," Mrs. Mason murmured.

"The light is dawning," she told herself. "This is fun. But I hope no one asks me to do a sketch."

Stephen was hovering by her side. She gave him a little smile and a look from her larkspur-blue eyes. She heard lazy talk and laughter at the big fireplace, where the flames were leaping through the logs.

How lovely it all was. Such a beautiful house. Such friendly young people. And how nice Stephen was. Tall, slim, good-looking, with a mouth that was used to laughter.

"I wish Kay had come over with you," Mrs. Mason was saying, "but she insists on remaining six months more, as you know."

Phyllis, sipping her tea, was saved a reply.

They lounged round the big hearth, the voice of the fire mingling with the voice of the wind. Soft lamplight, glowing fire-light, and outside the storm and sleet and wind.

After a time, one by one they rose and drifted upstairs. Betty slipped her arm through Phyllis's.

"You're fun, Sally," she said. "I'm so glad you came. We're going to have a good time. I love a blizzard, don't you? And this was so unexpected."

"I like blizzards, too," Phyllis laughed. "When I'm inside looking out. And I adore unexpected things!"

A trim maid was waiting in the upper hall. "This way to your room, Miss," she said.

"See you for cocktails," Stephen said. She turned and there he was behind her. "And don't be long, Sally," he whispered. "I'll be waiting—impatiently."

She smiled up at him, dimpling, eyes brilliant; then followed the maid.

"If you'll give me your keys, Miss, I'll unpack while you have your bath."

Phyllis opened her handbag, took out a little ring of keys. At the end of the room through an open door, she caught a glimpse of a shining bathroom in daffodil yellow.

She was glad she had packed her loveliest evening gown. It was new, of sky-blue chiffon.

Excitement still lingered in her eyes and flushed her cheeks.

"Such fun! I'll think only of to-night, for to-morrow the butterfly will fold her wings. I'll no longer be Sally, the heiress and art student. To-morrow I must be on my way, but to-night is mine and what I won't do with it!"

She heard gay voices in the hall calling to each other. Heard light feet running down the stairs, opened her bedroom door, saw Stephen waiting against the opposite wall.

"Of all things! Are you my shadow or something?"

Silently he looked at her, then drew a deep, unsteady breath. "There ought to be a law against you. No girl has any right to be so devastating."

She gave him a side-wise glance from eyes brilliant as jewels. Stephen caught her as she slipped past him, held her and kissed the top of her bright curly head.

"You work fast, Stephen." She slipped from his arms, ran down the hall.

"Sally, wait! Have a heart." She heard him running behind her.

"That's just it. I've a heart and I'm taking care of it," she flashed over her shoulder.

Later the butler brought her cocktail and there was Stephen at her shoulder. He lifted his glass. Over its rim his dark eyes held hers.

"To you, imp," he smiled.

"How does one get rid of you?" she wanted to know.

"One doesn't," he chuckled.

A hot sweet fire ran in her veins and melody beat in her heart. It seemed if she were to bend her head and listen, she could hear its music.

"Don't be an idiot," she told herself swiftly. "Stephen is rich, and you are only a little teacher of music—"

He strolled across the room and Dick took his place. Dinner was announced. Dick took her in, but there was Stephen on the other side of her.

"You see?" he said complacently, "you can't get rid of me."

"What optimism!" She made her eyes round with admiration.

"I could shake you," he growled. "Don't you know that the wind blew you right into my heart?"

Dick said something to her and she turned to him. But he could have talked Chinese for all she knew. She could only hear Stephen repeating—"right into my heart—"

Dinner over, they strolled into the lofty drawing-room. Phyllis went to the piano—those keys looked tempting. She seated herself while Dick lounged beside her. She

ran her hands over the keys testing the tone, then the room was filled with music.

They fell silent, held by the power and passion in this girl's hands.

"That was very beautiful," Stephen said, standing behind her. "I could listen to you all my life."

She rose from the piano stool. "But you aren't going to," she grinned.

She looked up at him. Her breath caught at the dark fire in his eyes. Could it be possible that he really cared!

They clamoured for more. Mrs. Mason said: "Kay never told us that you are such a finished pianist, child. Do play some more."

She played for half-an-hour, the keys singing under her hands, then rose laughing, shaking her head at their noisy applause.

They rolled back the rugs in the big square hall, got a dance-music programme on the radio and drifted together in couples.

Stephen, of course, was standing before her with adoration in his eyes, waiting to hold her again in his arms. As they floated down the dark polished floor he said: "You heard what I told you at dinner?"

"No. I'm hard of hearing, you see."

He danced with her under the mistletoe, stopped and kissed her. A hard, swift, half-angry kiss.

"He is flirting with me," Phyl told herself, "because he thinks I am Sally—an heiress. Money marries money."

They put on little peaked caps, musical with bells, that had appeared out of the crackers. Phyl looked more like a gay little elf than ever with a red bell-strung cap perched on her bright hair.

During the dance Stephen no longer had things his own way, for Phyllis was a lovely dancer. When at last he swung her down the hall to a slow romantic waltz, he said softly.

"I love you, you little imp of mischief. What are you going to do about it?" His lips brushed her ear.

"Stephen," she said unsteadily.

"And you love me. You are loving me with your eyes, with that little throb in your voice—"

Dick came up. She was saved.

Next morning brilliant sunlight filled the room. Phyllis heard the dressing gong and the laughter died. No more dreams. But how sweet. Bitter-sweet.

She had packed everything before she had gone to bed. Everything was ready. She bathed and dressed quickly, ran downstairs.

Stephen sat opposite her in the breakfast room. He could look at her here without turning his head.

"I'll explode my bomb after breakfast," she told herself as she listened to them planning the day's amusement.

They had almost finished breakfast when the footman entered the room.

"What is it, Sims?" Mrs. Mason asked. "There is a young lady in the hall, Madam, who says she is Miss Sally Evans. She says the storm detained her yesterday. She came by train this morning and taxied from the village."

Dead silence fell. Phyllis saw the startled faces. The room seemed to be filled with eyes—staring eyes.

"But," Mrs. Mason paused in bewilderment. She looked swiftly at Phyllis.

"Miss Evans came just five minutes too soon," Phyllis said brightly. "I meant to tell you when breakfast was over."

She was conscious that Stephen had made a startled movement, but she did not look at him. Her eyes were fixed on Mrs. Mason.

"You know you all took me for Sally, and I let it pass. I thought it would be such a lark. And it was."

Swift little ejaculations ran round the table.

"But—who are you?" Mrs. Mason asked quietly.

Phyllis said bravely:

"I am Phyllis Norton. I teach music in Miss Parke's School for Girls in Kensington. I was on my way to Greenacre to spend the week-end with my parents. I got lost and found myself on a country road, then my motor stopped. It was growing dark, there wasn't a house anywhere near until I saw the lights from your house and—well, I couldn't sit in my car all night."

"Indeed you could not," Mrs. Mason said, and there was a twinkle in her eyes.

"Sal—I mean, Phyl, you are an excellent actress," Dick laughed.

Her eyes were guileless. "I didn't act. I was just myself."

She listened for Stephen's voice. But he was silent. She would not look at him.

Mrs. Mason rose. "Set another place," she told the butler, and hurried to the hall.

"I think that's a great joke," Betty said laughingly.

They looked up expectantly as Mrs. Mason entered with a lovely girl wrapped in sables, and a hat that said "Paris."

After introductions were made Phyllis rose. "I am leaving now, I packed last night. And thank you for your lovely hospitality, Mrs. Mason."

"Can't you stay on, Phyllis? I would be so glad to have you," the woman said warmly.

"Thanks so much. You're sweet. But my people are expecting me."

She looked round the breakfast table. "Good-bye, everybody. It was grand to know you all." She gave a little wave, and still did not look at Stephen. Her eyes might betray her.

They called "Good-bye, Phyllis." But he was silent.

As she ran upstairs, her eyes were blazing, her cheeks hot. "Stephen is furious. He thinks he made a fool of himself. He didn't even say good-bye. He's the only one among all those boys. Everyone else was so sweet, such good sports—"

She hurried out to the garage, asked the chauffeur to run her car up to the front door.

"It is there, Miss, and it is all right now."

"Thanks so much."

At the foot of the staircase she glanced down the hall. It was there Stephen had told her he loved her. A hand caught her heart and twisted it.

From the breakfast room voices and laughter drifted to the hall.

"He has the real Sally now and she certainly is lovely enough. He will be telling her to-night that he loves her. He doesn't let any grass grow under his feet. And—I hate him!"

Despite herself, hot tears stung her eyelids and a little sob caught in her throat. Then she marched out to the car.

She opened the door, stared blankly at Stephen, who sat at the wheel.

"Hop in, imp," he grinned. "I'm driving you to Greenacre. I'll come back by train."

Unable to speak, Phyl found herself on the seat beside him. When they were on the main road, he pulled something from his pocket. "Have a look at that and read what is written on the other side," he said, chuckling.

Phyl stared at a small photo of Sally taken in a fancy dress costume. Slowly she turned the snap over and read:

"Sally as Cleopatra at the Art School Revels. Don't let mother see this. Sally's lack of clothes would shock her."

She stared at those words. After a long silent moment:

"Then you knew all the time that I was not Sally," she said unsteadily.

"Of course I knew. Kay sent me this a month ago. Besides—I fell in love with you at first sight, believe it or not."

For a moment he was busy with the car, then he glanced sidewise at the girl's still face. When he saw her eyes, his courage leaped.

"Paris," he said, "is at its best in Spring. Would you like to go there on our honeymoon, darling?"

"Stephen!" she whispered.

"Then slip down in your seat and put your head on my shoulder, my little imp," he said adoringly.

TWO GIFT HANDKERCHIEFS.

Use fine linen and No. 100 Mercer cotton for dainty gifts.

Abbreviations: Ch, chain; dc, double crochet; tr, treble; pet, petal (3 tr drawn off together); pic tr, picot tr (1 tr with 3 ch, 1 dc back into tr); ltr, long tr (2 over).

Scalloped Edge.

Make scallops about 1 inch across.

1st row—Close dc all round (about 25 dc around each scallop, and 40 at corners).

2nd row—* 1 tr into apex of scallop, 4 ch, miss 4 dc, 1 dc into next; * 7 ch, miss 4 dc, 1 dc into next. Repeat from * twice; 4 ch. Repeat from ** around each scallop and corners, but around each corner will be six 7 ch loops.

3rd row—* 1 dc into tr over apex; 7 ch, 1 dc into 7 ch loop; 5 ch, 1 pet into next loop; 3 ch, 1 pet twice into same loop; 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; 7 ch. Repeat from * around each scallop along sides, but at corners work 2 pet in loop each side of 2 corner loops and 3 pet into corner loops; making 10 pet with 3 ch between around each corner.

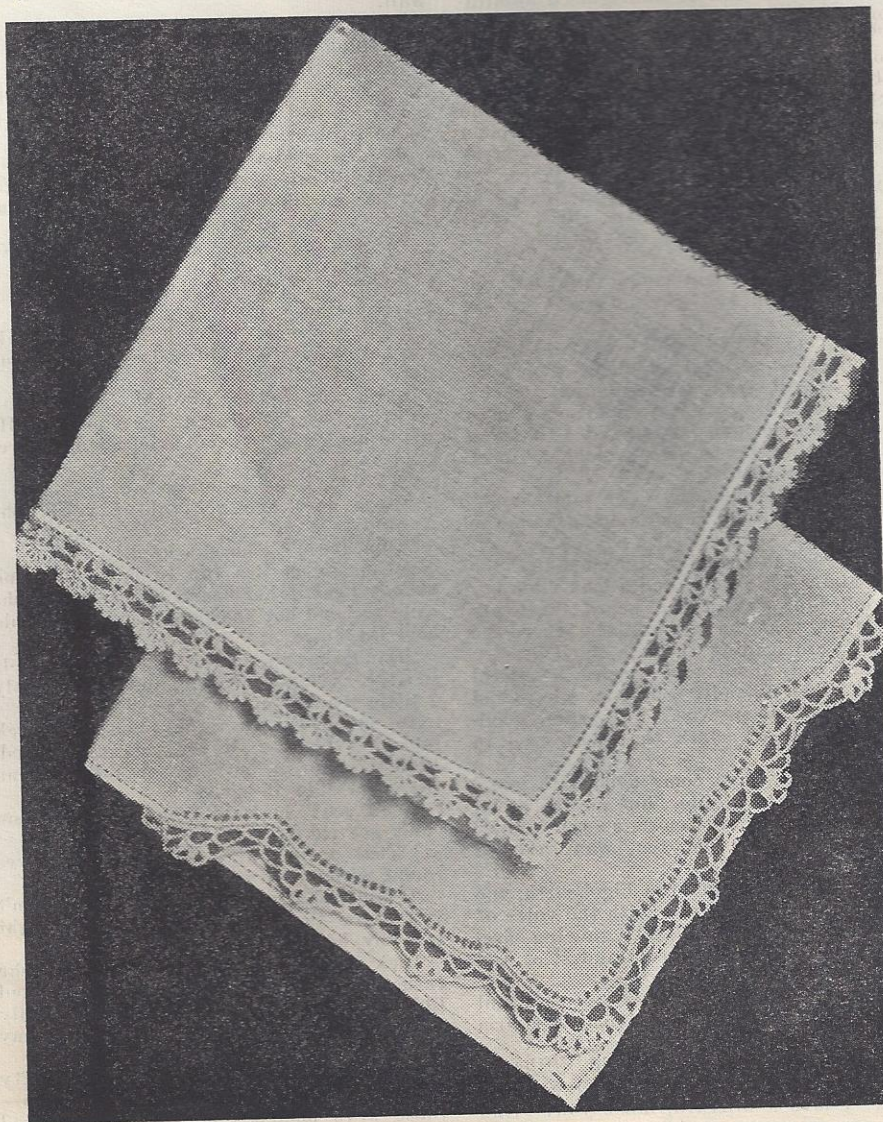
Straight Edge.

1st row—Work close dc all round.

2nd row—1 pet into dc next to extreme corner dc; 3 ch, 1 ltr into corner; 3 ch, 1 pet into next dc, * 2 ch, miss 4 dc, 1 pet into next dc, 3 ch, 1 ltr into same dc; 3 ch, 1 pet into next dc. Repeat from * all round.

3rd row—6 pic tr into every ltr along sides and 9 into each corner ltr.

Yellow and orange tints in curtains stand up well to sunlight. So if you are thinking of brightening up the windows, this is a point to remember.



A Lunch for the Children.

An experiment that has taken place in Melbourne recently, in the way of a well-balanced lunch for children, has had excellent and helpful results. Fifty-two undernourished children were given daily, for six months, what is known as the Oslo lunch. These children gained an average of two-and-a-half times as much in weight as children who continued to have their ordinary lunches.

This lunch provides an adequate daily allowance of the "protective" foods rich in minerals and vitamins. It consists of simple, natural foods which are readily obtainable and easy to prepare. The ingredients comprise one orange or half an apple, three full slices of real wholemeal bread with butter and processed cheddar cheese, half a pint of milk and a serving of wheat germ cereal.

The cheese and the milk provide first-class protein, which is needed for building healthy tissues and firm flesh. These foods are also rich in the bone and tooth-building minerals, calcium and phosphorus, and vitamin A. The butter provides vitamin A and vitamin D. Vitamin C and valuable minerals are obtained from the fruit, and vitamin B1 from the wholemeal bread and the wholewheat cereal. The bread and butter also act as appetite satisfiers, and are a good source of energy.

The vitamins are utilised by the body

in the following ways: Vitamin A, the anti-infective vitamin, helps to build up resistance to infection, particularly of the eyes and respiratory system. It is also essential for growth and the maintenance of sound teeth. Vitamin B1, the anti-neuritic vitamin, is concerned with promoting appetite and keeping the digestive processes in good tone. Vitamin C prevents scurvy. It helps to keep the gums healthy, and the teeth strong. Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, works with the minerals, calcium and phosphorus, for the proper formation of teeth and bones.

The Melbourne experiment was supervised by leading doctors. Each child had a medical examination, and regular records were kept of height and weight increases. When the experiment first started, the children averaged four pounds seven ounces less than standard medical weights for their age and height. After receiving the Oslo lunch regularly they gained an average of seven pounds half an ounce.

In addition to these weight increases, the Oslo lunch children also showed a noticeable improvement in their general health. Complexions cleared up. Eyes which were dull and red-rimmed, grew clearer and brighter. Appetites grew keener. Resistance to infection was greater. Improved application to school work was another factor testifying to the value of the meal. During the first three months of the experiment alone, one boy actually rose from twenty-fifth to fifth place in his school class.

A good dressing for kid shoes which will not harden the leather is made of milk and ink in equal parts.



YOU CAN STOP THAT BACKACHE



But You Must First **HELP YOUR KIDNEYS**
to Flush Out Acid Poisons



RECOGNISE backache as a signal that there is something wrong with your kidneys. If you do this, and help your kidneys to function properly by taking **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS**, you can stop that backache.

Your kidneys contain millions of tiny tubes and filters which measure 15 miles if laid end to end. Every three minutes all the blood in your body passes through these tubes to be filtered of waste matter and acid poisons. Unless your kidneys remove about 500 grains of dangerous impurities these tubes become clogged, causing backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist for **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS**. Use them faithfully and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. Millions of users the world over have had quick, satisfying relief. Do as your neighbour does—take **DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS** to-day.

AVOID INFERIOR SUBSTITUTES

*Insist
on the
Genuine*

DOAN'S

*Backache
Kidney
Pills*

DO YOU KNOW?

THEIR TEETH FROM OUR

RED INDIANS' UPPER TEETH ARE RADICALLY DIFFERENT FROM WHITES, NEGROES AND OTHERS. THEY ARE SHOVEL SHAPED!

HOWEVER, THE COMPOSITION OF TEETH DOES NOT VARY. DENTAL DECAY CAN STRIKE IN EVERY MOUTH. GUARD YOUR TEETH BY USING KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS KEEPS YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN — FREE FROM DECAY GERMS!

ELEPHANT CHEWS ON ONE TOOTH

DURING ITS LIFETIME, AN ELEPHANT HAS SIX CHEEK TEETH, BUT ONLY ONE TOOTH IS IN PLACE AND IN USE ON EITHER SIDE OF EACH JAW AT THE ONE TIME. THE WHOLE SERIES MOVES FORWARD ONE AT A TIME AS FRONT TOOTH BECOMES WORN AWAY.

YOUR TEETH ARE DEFENCELESS

DON'T CRACK NUTS
BEND WIRE
BREAK STRING or BITE
THREAD with YOUR TEETH

THIS CHIPS THE ENAMEL AND MAY KILL THE NERVE. LOST ENAMEL NEVER GROWS AGAIN AND THE FRACTURE OPENS A GATE FOR GERMS TO ENTER. GUARD YOUR TEETH WELL. USE KOLYNOS REGULARLY. KOLYNOS BUBBLES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, FLOATS AWAY DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY, ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN. AFTER KOLYNOS, YOUR TEETH WILL GLEAM & GLISTEN WITH NEW LOVELINESS

TOOTHACHE

IN 1876, SAVAGE, ENGLISH ALIENIST, REPORTED A CASE OF MANIA FOLLOWING ACUTE ILLNESS. THE PATIENT, AFTER 3 MONTHS IN ASYLUM, DEVELOPED SEVERE TOOTHACHE. TOOTH WAS EXTRACTED, AND IN A VERY SHORT TIME, PATIENT REGAINED SANITY

KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM. 1/2" ON DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY

1/3 and 2/6

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

KB.15

The Play and Film

The Gilbert and Sullivan season at the Theatre Royal proceeds apace. Opening production was "The Gondoliers." This was followed by "The Pirates of Penzance," "Trial by Jury" and the "Yeoman of the Guard." Before the season closes

all of the more popular of the comic operas will have been staged. It is remarkable that 65 years after the first of these plays was produced the demand for their revival is still strong. From a box-office point of view they are still "the goods."

In "Sun Valley Serenade," at the

Happened in Sun Valley," "Chattanooga Choo Choo" and "The Kiss Polka." The new comedy team of Milton Berle and Joan Davis had the audience roaring with laughter. The dancing of the Nicholas Brothers surpasses their work in "The Great American Broadcast" and "Tin Pan Alley."

"Rebecca," which was shown in the films some twelve months ago, is now being handled as a stage production at the Minerva, with Edwin Styles, Myra Morton and Hilda Dorrington. You remember the story of the second wife who is dominated by the past



"Whistling in the Dark," Liberty.

Nona, The Cleveres, Raymond Baird, Jimmie Wallace and the Clydellos, whilst other big features in a splendid cast are Arthur Woodlock, Millie Hanson, Doris Tindall, Dolly Mack, Arch Ritchie and Margaret Kelly. Stage settings and wardrobe in "Apple Sauce" are of a high standard, full advantage being taken of the many opportunities for spectacular colouring, and the well-trained ballet add to the variety of the show in many cleverly executed numbers.

"Man Power," at the Plaza, is a story of E. G. Robinson and George Raft, linesmen for a power company, and good pals. One of them does not cut any ice with the women and, well—the other does. The unpopular one marries a gold-digger despite his pal's efforts to prevent it. Then the bachelor one gets hurt and convalesces at his mate's home, and of course is thrown in contact with the wife. You can guess the usual triangle which gives room for plotting and intriguing and attempted good resolutions. There are fine dramatic opportunities which are not missed by the two men and Marlene Dietrich. Edward G. Robinson making love to Marlene Dietrich is certainly one of the novelties of the Hollywood season.

"Unfinished Business" (State), in which the principals are Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery and Preston Foster is one of those interest-holding films that cannot be other than popular with its loves, its misunderstandings and its human appeal. Irene Dunne meets Preston Foster on the train. Love at first sight, quick and sudden, and then a parting! Irene gets a job singing birthday greetings to night-club customers. Foster

Maxwell Oldaker, Royal.

[Turn to page 35.]



Peggy Shea, Royal.

Regent, Sonja Henie and John Payne form a delightful new romantic team. Sonja performs exciting new skating routines, the like of which have never before been



"My Life with Caroline," Mayfair.

of the first wife, a beautiful woman who fascinated all who knew her. But No. 1, though so much apotheosized, was a somewhat frail creature, and it is round her that the mystery and thrill of the play lies. Cast includes Kathleen Robinson, Marshall Crosby, Ben Lewin, Leslie Victor, Charles Kilburn, Hal Thompson. Minerva presents Kirsova's ballet at the 8 o'clock session.

The New Tivoli show, "Apple Sauce," packs the house at every performance.

It is a musical offering of wonderful balance, an artistic mingling of vocal themes, lively humour, gorgeous frocking and spectacular ballets. Not for a moment is there a lull in the show. Through the entire performance runs the irresistible fooling of Will Mahoney, Bob Dyer, Terry Scanlon and John Dobbie; the delightful singing of Evie Hayes, the sensational dancing of Muriel Gardner and Marvin Kane, the clever work of Page and



"Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," St. James.

seen on the screen; also, this new musical film boasts the irresistible rhythms of America's number one band, Glenn Miller and his orchestra. Excellent support is given by the other members of the featured cast, which include Milton Berle, Lynn Bari, Joan Davis and the Nicholas Brothers. Each of the four Gordon and Warren tunes is destined to go into the hit class. Written especially for "Sun Valley Serenade," they are "I Know Why and So Do You," "It



Every busy morning —
Every dancing night



guard your after-bath freshness with Mum!



Avoid underarm odour! Mum every day helps protect your charm, your job, your popularity!



YOUR morning freshness—are you sure it hasn't gone before you've reached town? Your evening charm—are you certain it hasn't wilted and faded even before the music swings? Remember, perspiration can start just after you leave your freshening tub—*underarm odour* can give the lie to your charm before you are even hours older.

Smart girls never trust in their bath alone. A bath, no matter how glorious, only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents the risk of *underarm odour* to come. Trust your charm every day to smooth, creamy dependable Mum. Keep sure of daintiness!

MUM SAVES TIME! Takes only 30 seconds! Just a pat under each arm... and you're through! Can be used right after underarm shaving, for Mum won't irritate the skin.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum prevents *underarm odour*. With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts all evening. Women everywhere use Mum. Get Mum at all chemists and stores. Prices, 9d., 1/6 and 2/6.

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM. Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

MUM takes the odour out of Perspiration

House Clothes.

A good way to take care of your best clothes is to have a cotton outfit to wear when you are working about the house or relaxing. You may have a yoke frock which buttons down the front so that you can slip it on and off in a second. With matching shorts underneath you can save on your undies. A great many women nowadays find two or three sets of slacks ideal for summer house wear. They are handy and great savers of stockings as they permit of stockings being discarded altogether, and you know what a price stockings are to-day!

Blouse,
11438—10d.
1½ yds.
36 ins. wide.
Sizes 32
to 40 ins.

Blouse, 11437—10d.
1¾ yds. 36 ins. wide.
Sizes 32 to 40 ins.

Blouse,
11427—10d.
2 yds.
36 ins. wide.
Sizes 32
to 40 ins.



Colours that Hearten.

While the war is on clothes are more simple; but you can vary them as much as you like. The secret of success with summer clothes is Colour. Colour overcomes so many difficulties and reflects one's personal mood. Queen Elizabeth, in talking to some intimate friends, told them that when she feels depressed or inclined to be moody, she makes a tour of the shops, looks at all the bright colours, makes a few purchases, and comes back cheerful and bright!

Red is always a heartening, stimulating colour; pink for lovers and sentiment; green suggests cool salads on a hot day; cool yellows, clarity and sunshine. Red, white and blue occupy a first place, and the colours can be beautifully combined.

Britain Carries On.

To look at the shop windows there does not seem the slightest restriction on fashion goods. No doubt the retailers have been far-seeing, making their purchases well ahead and exploiting all sorts of markets. It is interesting to know that Great Britain, amidst all its blackouts and war preparedness, is still keeping the wheels of industry

going in many centres, and mills are making dress materials. The output is limited of course, but it recognised that manufacturing industry must be maintained as well as possible, in order that labour may be utilized, output obtained, and markets retained so as to secure the after-war trade. Britain carries on bravely and gamely.

Jacket,
11436—10d.
2¼ yds.
36 ins. wide.
Sizes 32
to 40 ins.

Blouse,
11440—10d.
2 yds.
36 ins. wide.
Long sleeve,
¼ yd. extra.
Sizes
32 to 40 ins.

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Matron's Frock,
5736—1s. 2d.
3½ yds. 36 ins. wide.
Sizes 34 to 48 ins.

Matron's Frock,
5751—1s. 2d.
3½ yds. 36 ins. wide.
Contrast:
¼ yd. 36 ins. wide.
Sizes 34 to 48 ins.

Frock, 5480—1s. 2d.
3½ yds. 36 ins. wide.
Sizes 32 to 40 ins.

Frock, 5768—1s. 2d.
3½ yds. 36 ins. wide.
Sizes 32 to 40 ins.

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"Not a shilling must be wasted".

THE PRIME MINISTER

SAVING—A NATIONAL OBLIGATION

No longer are you being advised to save only because thrift is an admirable virtue. Unless you do save, your whole future—and the future of Australia—may be imperilled.

The Prime Minister has pointed out the only safe road to National as well as personal security. Your few shillings, or few pounds, will be an important factor in Australia's coping with the heavy demands war has made upon her.

Use a Commonwealth Savings Account. It is a safe and convenient means of accumulating your savings—for your own and your country's good.

COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK OF AUSTRALIA

TAKE FAT OFF QUICKLY WITH BONKORA -

**LOSE
12 lbs.
in 2 weeks!**

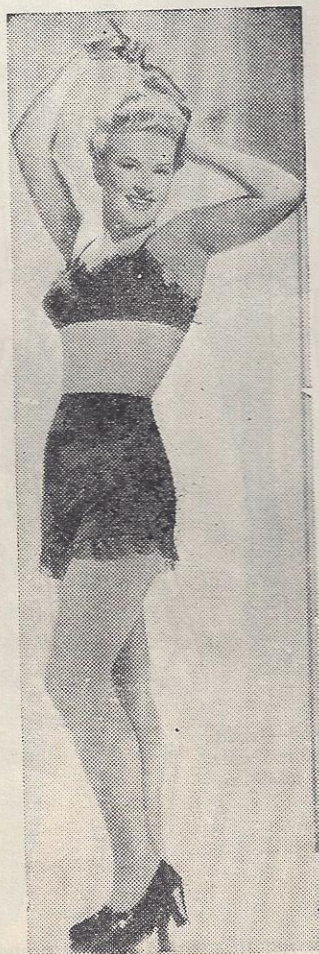
Try this quick reducing treatment. Women all over Australia have found BonKora amazingly successful. Often when exhausting diet and strenuous exercise have failed this easy, pleasant method has brought instant results. Pounds of ungainly bulk have gone, in short time; BonKora's 3-stage method acts at triple speed. Excess fat goes first and you can stop treatment at any time; reduce at own speed according to the dose you take.

EAT BIG MEALS, YET LOSE FAT

No need to go hungry—follow instructions in BonKora booklet and eat satisfying, tasty meals all through the course. BonKora rids the body of impurities and builds health while it breaks down fat. Users look better, feel younger from first days of treatment.

BonKora is harmless—no dangerous drugs or thyroid are used in its ingredients.

BonKora is 6/6 at all chemists. No increase in price because of Sales Tax. 2d. in stamps brings you FREE SAMPLE and full details. Should your chemist be out of stock, post 6/6 in postal order to The BonKora Co. of Australia Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, SS, G.P.O., Sydney.



RALLY TO THE COLOURS

Brighten
the home with
QUICK
ENAMEL

Join the "Gay Quickies" and paint all your furniture and woodwork in thrilling up-to-the-minute tones. It brushes easily, is glossy and washable—dries in 4 hours.

Sports Suit, 5634—1s. 2d.
3½ yds. 36 ins. wide.
Sizes 32, 34, 36 ins.

Slack Suit,
5729—1s. 2d.
4 yds.
36 ins. wide.
Sizes:
32, 34, 36 ins.

Overalls, 5514—1s. 2d.
3 yds. 36 ins. wide.
Sizes 32, 36, 40 ins.

Sports Outfit, 5757—1s. 6d.
4½ yds. 36 ins. wide.
Sizes 32, 34, 36 ins.



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Father Pierre's Monastery Herbs

NATURE'S TREATMENT FOR
CONSTIPATION - RHEUMATISM
BLOOD DISORDERS - INDIGESTION ETC

"THEY ACT LIKE A CHARM"

SAY GRATEFUL USERS

A mixture of Nature's own curative herbs, barks, seeds and flowers, finely ground, and blended in the true tradition of the monks of old. They need no preparation of any kind.

The Pleasant, Natural Way to Restore Health

Monastery Herbs are a natural remedy, rich in the curative essences of Nature's own medicinals. They contain no drugs, minerals or chemicals. A quarter of a teaspoonful taken two or three times a day, with meals, will cleanse the whole system of disease-causing poisons, and quickly restore health. The small quantity required may be taken dry on the tongue and washed down with a drink of water, tea, etc.; with a spoonful of porridge; sprinkled on vegetables, or eaten with fruit or sweet. For children give about half the quantity, according to age.

Nature's own treatment for **CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, RHEUMATISM, BAD BLOOD, GOUT, LIVER and KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, SKIN DISEASES, etc.**

Monastery Herbs rouse the liver, purify the intestines and cleanse the stomach. Poisons that cause disease, pain, and wreck health are quickly banished from the system and bloodstream. Joint and muscle pains disappear as toxins are cleansed away by Monastery Herbs. Painless freedom of movement returns in no time. Relief comes quickly. Constipation,

Indigestion vanish — rapidly. Disfiguring Skin Blemishes give place to clear, healthy skin. Kidneys and liver are soon made to function normally once more. The blood is freshened and cleansed of its body-fouling toxins, gloom gives way to brightness, and the whole system is revitalised with restored health and renewed energy.

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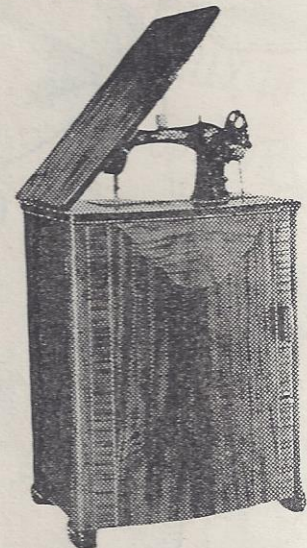
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A.H.J. 12



Be Colourful.

A careful look round at the summer frocks for the young people show that despite the war, the rule is colours and still more colours.

This is a blessing, for colours brighten life and induce cheerfulness, and there is no reason while we are still at war with the German Huns that the children should be drably dressed and unconscious of colour.

Some of the dressing features are worth noting. Unusual pockets are popular. These can continue to the hips as an extended feature of the bodice, serving the purpose of trimming and a hankey-holder.

A deep yoke, with the bodice softly gathered into it, gives a charming and smart line. Another tub frock that we noticed had a pretty neckline, "soft" bodice and a slimming skirt.

A Hint Ahead.

There is no doubt about it that materials will be scarcer and dearer next season. This summer they are quite dear enough; but owing to rising costs, and heavier taxation, prices for dress materials and accessories must advance. Added to all this there will be a scarcity, due to shipping difficulties. Hence, if you can afford it, buy what you can now, and you will save money.

Pinafore Frock,
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6 and 8 years.
Blouse, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yds.
36 ins. wide.
Frock, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yds.
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Frock, 9368—10d.
6 and 8 years.
2 yds. 36 ins. wide.

Frock, 9471—10d.
2 and 4 years.
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Contrast :
 $\frac{1}{4}$ yd. 36 ins. wide.

Frock, 9485—10d.
2 and 4 years.
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Frock, 9370—10d.
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Exciting Fabrics.

Cool colours, calm designs, exotic florals, checks of brilliant hues, gay stripes and the restful contrast of muted pastels give a selection of exciting fabrics for the junior wardrobe.

Crisp sheer cottons will go places this summer and the new designs are inspirations. Cottons are essential for holiday wear as they are so easily washed out; they make just as ideal little play suits as fairy-like party dresses.

Novelty cottons and linens present endless variety with gay beach motifs, amusing designs, bright florals in new colour combinations on a white background.

When Visiting.

A mother asks what should she make for her 3-year-old son when she takes him visiting. We noted a little suit the other day which answers the question. It had knickers in grey flannel, and a blouse in pale blue fine linen, smocked at the shoulders with deep blue thread, and trimmed with buttons to match. There was a little pocket on the blouse close to the waistline, on the left side, from which a wisp of a humpty-dumpty hanky peeped out.

Frock, 9293—10d.
12 and 14 years.
3½ yds. 36 ins. wide.

Frock, 9334—1s. 2d.
16 to 18 years.
32 in. Bust.
3¼ yds. 36 ins. wide.

Frock, 9045—10d.
10 and 12 years.
3 yds. 36 ins. wide.

At the Seaside.

This year at the beaches children's suits and dresses will be unusually colourful. For boys a little two-piece suit is generally popular. The short-sleeved shirt can be in any fanciful pattern—checks, stripes or colors—and the pants look best in blues or greys. Don't put your laddie in fanciful coloured pants, as that is "sissie" stuff, which the small boy abhors.

The girlies sport along in the sand in one-piece dresses, in all styles from the shoulder strapped frock to the imitation dress moulded after that worn by movie aspirants on beauty girl parades. There is no limit to what the small girl may wear at the seaside. Everything can be used, anything counts; but colours must be there!

Frock, 9450—10d.
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Contrast:
1 yd. 36 ins. wide.

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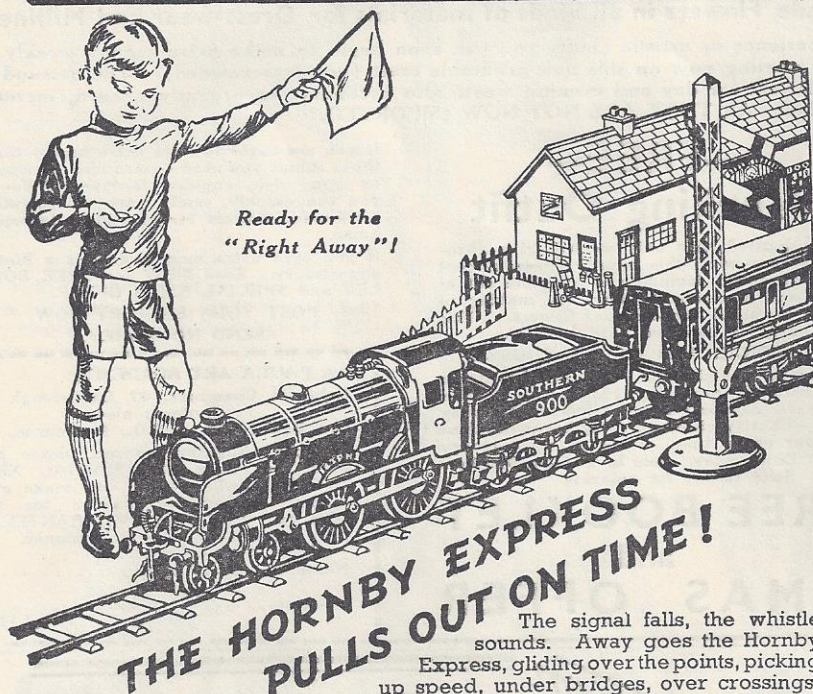
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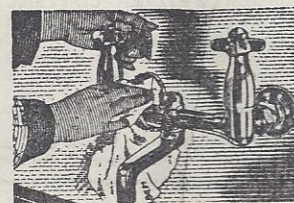
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Abie came home and found his wife with the baby in her arms, singing: "By low, baby, by low, baby." Abie said: "Dot's right, you teach him to buy low and I'll teach him to sell high."

The conductor told a passenger that the next place was where he got off. He said, "Which end of the car shall I get off?" The conductor said, "Either one, both ends stop."

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A MOTHER COULD DO NO MORE

By ELIZABETH FOLSOM

Dover's white cliffs were in front of him. The docks were just ahead, dotted thickly with dark spots. One of those spots was possibly Claudia. It would take several minutes yet to get in, to tie up the big liner, to run out the plank. Dr. Grant Keithley picked up his bag and storm coat and edged his way from the rail to the stern of the boat. He disliked a crowd, and would let the crush be over before he made

Claudia had written urgently for him not to come until he was ready, that she would be all right.

The operation had attracted the attention of the profession at Zurich and Vienna. He had been rated high at both places; he had found it more successful than his most ardent hope. Performed as he knew how to perform it, with the tools he himself had shaped, there was nothing like it in eye and

but a week, urging him not to worry about her, and hoping—hoping it many times, he remembered—that he would not grieve. The letter had hurt him a great deal, and he had been tempted to pack up and go straight home, for there had not been a touch of Claudia's usual light-heartedness. But while he had hesitated another letter had come which had said that he must really stay until he was quite content with what he was doing, and that she would fill her time with the interests of his sanatorium.

She had told him details of the management of the institution, which he had left in charge of his partner. He had been faintly amused that Claudia should visit the place and should know about it. But he had told himself that with this new interest she could bridge the time until his return; he could think of nothing more soul-satisfying than an interest in his work. So he



He kissed her and kept his arms about her.

his landing. He lit a cigar and stared back at the blue, misty tumble that was the ocean.

Very likely Claudia would meet him. On the other side of the water it had seemed natural for him to stay on, engrossed in his work, and trust to her to bear things alone. A year and a half had been little enough for him to spend in Vienna and Zurich after he had got on the track of a new surgical possibility. It had been his original plan to spend but six months in Vienna and to be back with Claudia when the baby came. Then suddenly had come the idea for the new operation, its study and development, the designing and manufacture of instruments, their trial and their improvement—. The time had slipped by.

ear surgery in England. The medical journals had discussed it; had doubted its practicability until he had demonstrated it; then had recognized and acclaimed. There was no surgeon of his years who had attracted such attention. His success had not come by chance; it had been worked out to the exclusion of all other thoughts. His future was assured. It had been a great year-and-a-half. He thought with a sigh that there would probably never in his life be another time as satisfying.

It had been a bitter disappointment when he had learned that the baby had died. It had made him good for nothing for several days, that news and the thought of Claudia bearing her grief alone. She had written bravely, telling him that the boy had lived

stayed.

It had not once occurred to him that he would be embarrassed at meeting Claudia until he saw the

black spots on the dock. He had nothing to explain; his delay in coming home was quite legitimate; there was no misunderstanding between them.

She was there. He saw her before he reached the gangplank and waved his hand to her. He had a flash of surprise at her dark loveliness. He kissed her and kept his arm about her as they went to stand and wait for the customs officer to pass his luggage.

"I didn't know whether you expected me to meet you, but it's so close I thought I'd come in." She was nearly apologetic.

"If you hadn't met me I should have turned directly round and gone back."

It was an alien, trivial tone for him to take, and she glanced sideways at him.

"You are quite well, Claudia?"

That was more like him, and she answered quickly.

[Turn to page 37.]

★ CHRISTMAS In The KITCHEN ★

Roast Turkey. (Illus.)

Clean turkey and truss it. Then prepare the dressing. Break up into fine crumbs about two loaves of stale bread, discarding the crusts. The amount depends on the size of the turkey, but two loaves will make quite a lot of stuffing. Then chop fine 1 or 2 small onions and mix with the crumbs. Add salt, pepper and poultry seasoning, which contains those fine herbs necessary to the greatest eating satisfaction, all to taste. Mix well and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of melted butter or margarine. A few slices of finely-minced salt pork may go in instead of either. Now mix together with enough cold water to moisten the bread-crumbs slightly, but several shades this side of the wet and soggy stage. Stuff the bird with this; also stuff the breast, where a vent near the neck will have been left open for this purpose. Sew up the openings. Rub the turkey all over with melted butter and dredge it with flour. It is now ready for the oven.

Put the turkey into a very hot oven. Have the bottom of the roasting pan well floured. As it browns turn it once in a while so all sides will brown more evenly. When it is light brown all over, reduce the oven heat and baste with melted butter and hot water mixed; cover and finish roasting, basting about every 15 minutes. When the turkey is very tender—try it with a fork—it is done. It will take about 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours to roast a 10-lb. turkey. Water should be added to the juices in the pan as the bird roasts, but only a little at a time, so the flour in the roaster may not burn and gravy be in the making. Serve turkey with Sweet-Potato Pumpkins.

Movie Star Baby Sandy poses charmingly in the illustration.

Sweet-Potato Pumpkins: Boil 6 or 8 sweet potatoes until very tender, mash until no lumps are left. Season with salt, pepper and a little nutmeg. Add enough



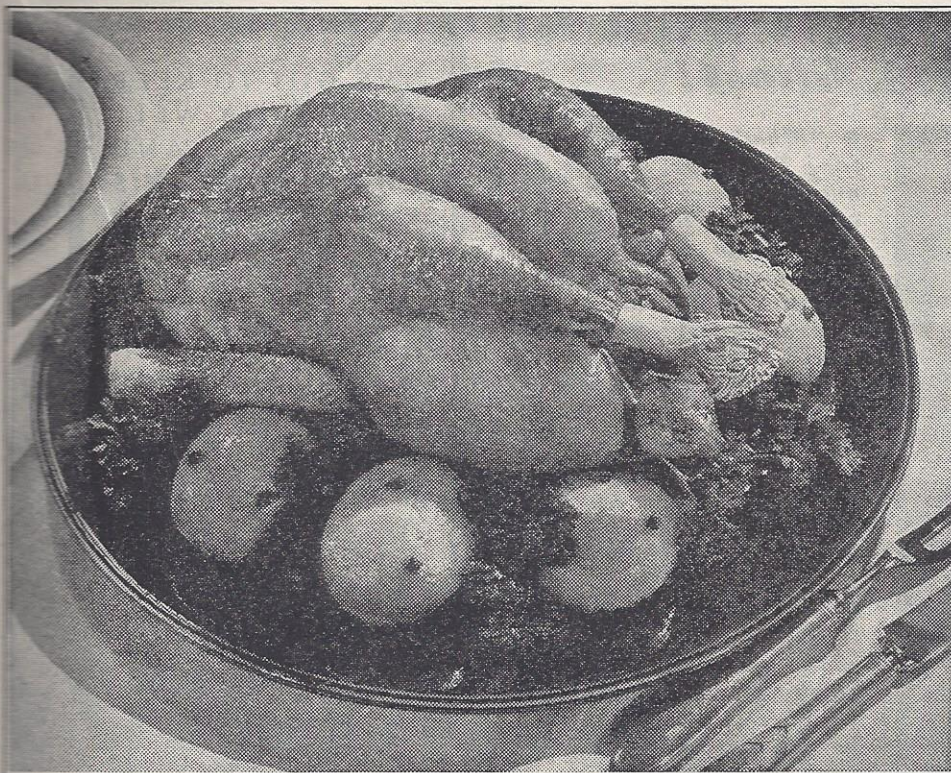
cream to soften the potato, and also add about 2 tablespoonsful of butter. Beat well. Shape the mixture into small pumpkins and glaze by basting with butter and brown sugar melted together in a frying pan over low heat. Add stems of green pepper. A cupful of chopped nuts mixed with the mashed potato is a tasty thought.

Xmas Pudding. (Illus.)

One lb. of shredded suet, 1 lb. of currants, 1 lb. of sultanas, 1 lb. of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of small raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of muscatel raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of mixed peel, 2 ozs. of citron, 3 ozs. of sweet almonds, 1 oz. of bitter almonds, 1 nutmeg, 6 or 8 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of brandy, home-made wine or old ale, 1 level teaspoonful of salt, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lemons.

Mix together the crumbs, flour, suet, and sugar. Clean and stalk the currants and sultanas. Stone and chop the raisins and muscatels. Also chop or shred the peel and citron. Mix the fruit with the flour, etc. Grate and add the lemon rind and nutmeg. Shell and shred the almonds, add them and the salt. Strain and add the lemon juice. Beat up the eggs well, add them to the milk and brandy, pour all into the dry ingredients and mix all well together. If, however, ale is being used in place of brandy, it is best to mix the milk and eggs in first, and then the ale.

Have ready some well-greased moulds or



basins, put in the mixture, pressing it well down. Cover each basin with a pudding cloth (or thick greased paper), being careful to make a pleat in the cloth across the top of the basin to allow room for the mixture to swell. Put the puddings in a pan of fast-boiling water and let them boil steadily from 8 to 10 hours. As the water boils away, pour into the pan more boiling water.

Roast Chicken. (Illus.)

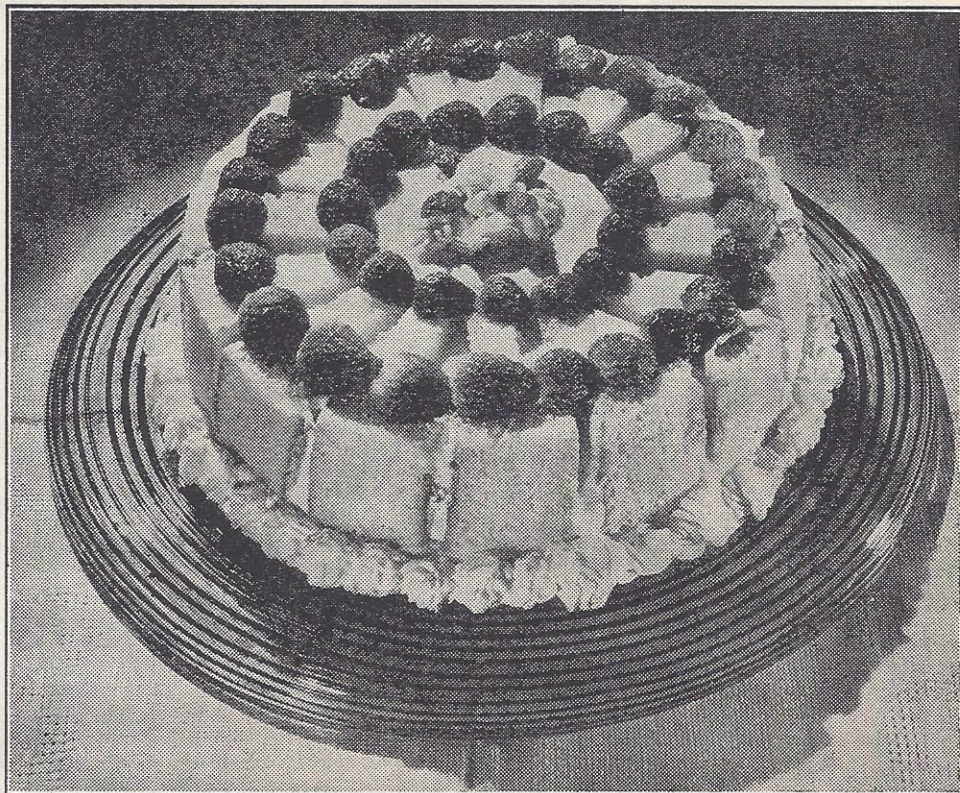
Dress, clean and season chicken. Place it on its back in a dripping pan, with 2 tablespoonsful fat, or place in a roaster. Dredge with flour and place in hot oven. When the flour is well browned, reduce the heat, then baste every 15 minutes with $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of fat, dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful boiling water. Turn chicken frequently. When the breast meat is tender it is done. A 4-lb. chicken requires 2 hours.

Gravy: Pour off liquid from dish in which chicken has been roasted. Skim off 4 tablespoonsful fat; return fat to dish and brown with 4 tablespoonsful flour; add 2 cupsful stock in which giblets, neck and tip of wings have been cooked. Cook 5 minutes; season with salt and pepper, add giblets chopped, and serve hot with the chicken.

Mincemeat Pinwheels.

One (9-oz.) packet mincemeat; 2 cupsful flour; 5 teaspoonsful baking powder; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt; 2 tablespoonsful shortening; $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk; cinnamon, brown sugar and melted butter.

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, and salt. Work in the shortening with the fingertips. Add the milk gradually, mixing to a soft dough. Toss on a floured board and pat and roll lightly $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Brush with the melted butter and sprinkle lightly with the brown sugar and cinnamon. Spread lightly with mincemeat. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut off pieces $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Place with cut edges down on a greased slide. Bake in a hot oven for about 25 minutes. Remove immediately from the slide, turning upside down to serve.



Rich Christmas Cake.

Half lb. sugar (brown or white), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, 2 ozs. candied peel, 2 ozs. drained or crystallised cherries, 1 level teaspoonful baking powder, pinch of salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. flour, 5 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mixed spice, 3 tablespoonsfuls either brandy, or rum.

Wash the fruit, dry thoroughly, remove any stalks and seeds, and place in large basin. Blanch, dry and shred the almonds. Remove the sugar and chop the candied peel. Mix with fruits, add the brandy or

rum, cover tightly with a plate and greaseproof paper, and leave for 24 hours. Line a cake tin with two layers of brown and one layer of white buttered paper. Sift the flour, salt, spice and baking powder. Arrange shelves in position and heat the oven. Cream the butter and sugar, using brown for a dark mixture and crystal or castor sugar for a light-coloured cake. Gradually add beaten egg, mixing thoroughly between each addition, stir in the prepared fruits, and the sifted ingredients, mixing evenly. Spread evenly in prepared cake tin and place in a hot oven, decreasing the heat after the first 10 or 15 minutes, and bake slowly for 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Pierce through the centre with a fine skewer or straw, and, if clean and free from stickiness when withdrawn, the cake is sufficiently cooked. Remove from oven, leave cake in tin till cold, then wrap in greaseproof paper and store in an airtight container till required for icing.

Strawberry Cake. (Illus.)

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sugar and 1 teaspoonful essence till white. Add 1 egg and beat well. Next add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk very slowly, beat in thoroughly, then add 2 cupsful of self-raising flour, mix in lightly. Do not beat after flour is in smoothly. Put into greased tin, prick well through and bake in a moderate oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. When cooked, turn on to a cake rack and allow to cool. Cut into slices, as

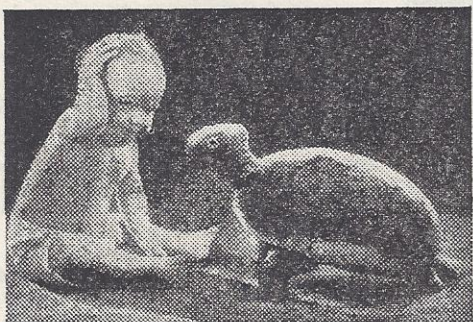
in illustration, and spread each side of the slices with strawberry jam, and arrange together with cream in between each slice. Add more cream to the centre top of cake and top with walnuts. Arrange hulled strawberries, as in illustration, and pipe extra cream round the base of cake.

Butterscotch Cookies.

Half cupful of shortening; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupsful of brown sugar; 2 eggs; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupsful of flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of baking powder; 1 tea-

[Turn to page 38.]

Great Caesar's Ghost!



● "What's the matter, Tortoise, old man? Where's the old pep — the old ginger—the old up-and-at-'em spirit? Are you the fellow that beats rabbits in foot races? Doesn't seem possible!"



● "Oh, not up to scratch, eh? You've got quite a case of shell-chafe — haven't you? MOTHER! Where's the Johnson's Baby Powder? Here it comes! When that soothing-soft powder starts gliding into your creases, you'll be feeling so slick, you'll be pulling your neck in and out just for fun!"

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Sought After.

A man applied to a film producer for a job as a super.

"If you want me at all," he said, "you had better put me on the salary list right now. There are a lot of other companies after me."

"Oh," answered the director, who had heard that before. "And what companies are they?"

"Well—er—" stammered the other, "the electric light company, the gas company, and the telephone company."

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH [From page 11.]

and then, because Ferrars was a gentleman, he dropped his eyes in some confusion and chased an errant pea round his plate vainly.

To him, amazed, came a fresh young subaltern, with whom he had at times foregathered for a rubber of whist in the days when fifty miles on a stubborn country-bred was a cheap price to pay for the sound of rustling cards.

"Hello, Ferrars, old chap! Fancy meeting you here! Small world, isn't it?"

"If you can't talk anything but blithering commonplaces," said Ferrars blightingly, "will you be so good as to clear out and leave me to something decent?"

"Didn't know you were so fond of your grub as all that," commented Tommy Toddles without heat. "What's got your back up now?"

"Grub?" exploded Ferrars. "Grub? I was talking about my thoughts. Look here, Toddles, you're no bigger an ass than nature and Sandhurst made you—tell me one thing, and I'll die in peace. Who's that wonderful woman there with the eyes and the lips?"

"Oh, yes—but they're Lord and Lady Wilmington. The girl—well—why, that must be the new beauty everybody's talking about. Exploited by Lady Wilmington—just out; dug up out of some country vicarage, I believe. Goin' to marry Devereux—know Devereux?—used to be in ours before he came to the title. Got the earldom and a couple of millions three years ago. Yes, that's Miss Angela Vaughan, or I'm a dashed liar, and a fool besides."

"You're not a liar, Tommy," said Ferrars sympathetically. "Is she—is she—accessible?"

"She isn't altogether engaged," demurred the soldier. "They say it is only a matter of time; the man's willin' and the girl's waitin', so your 'Mornin' Post' will soon set your mind at ease. But I can get you an introduction if that'll suit your lordly purpose."

"Then go and get it," cried Ferrars impetuously.

"Let me have my dinner first," said Tommy coolly. "What's least like raggy fowls and stringy mutton?" And the meal proceeded with much satisfaction on the part of Toddles.

Ferrars found an invitation to Lady Wilmington's "At Home" on the table in his rooms about a week later, and on the day in question he found himself bowing over the slim white hand of Lady Wilmington herself. The indescribable feeling of some impending wonder was in the air; he heard as in a dream a frou-frou of silk, was conscious of looking blindly up from under his brows, and then—the Girl herself was before him. She was undoubtedly all that his dreams had ever fancied. The same wonderful eyes returned his gaze steadily—only they were bluer in the reality than in the vision; the same vivid scarlet was on the perfectly curved lips; but—and he wondered vaguely what it meant—a delicate rose-blush was creeping up from shoulder to cheek, and spreading over the sweet, low brow. Then Ferrars became painfully conscious that he was staring her out of countenance, and he relapsed into a vague idiocy that was not prepossessing.

"From India?" she said in answer to some remark which he threw out distractedly. "Oh, how delightful! Then you must be one of those men who do things, instead of paying others to perform their work. We must find time to talk, for I love to hear men tell of what they've done."

Then she and Ferrars gravitated towards a secluded corner well within range of the grand piano, and silence deep and profound fell between them.

Confidence begat confidence. Before the next item on the programme was fairly commenced Angela was speaking of her life in the country vicarage at home. Ferrars listened to the golden music of her words; from his imagination, that had conjured up such wonderful visions from the uncompromising desert sand, now found no difficulty in drawing mind pictures of that calm and placid life which she described. The two were revelling in reminiscence, and had forgotten the outer world, when their delightful castles were dashed to pieces by a level voice at Angela's very ear:

"Ah! dear girl, don't you know, I've been seeking you ever since I came here. Most elusive fairy—deucedly elusive." Then hatred, the soul-filling hatred that comes to some men, entered into the soul of Ferrars; for he recognized the tone of complete proprietorship; and knew that his dream of happiness was founded on sand alone.

Precisely at that moment the band struck up a waltz, the Earl of Devereux leaned over and whispered: "Our dance, I think," and Angela was borne away in his arms. Ferrars ground his teeth.

Ferrars stayed, and ate out his heart for many weary hours.

But he had one boon granted to him at the last. Angela left Devereux without much ceremony and came towards him as he made for the door. Her hand rested in his for one delirious instant, her lips moved, she smiled. Ferrars drove back to his rooms in a gilded chariot; songs of wonder rose above the hum of the wheels; roseate vapours filled the streets.

"Yes; I know I've been a fool ever to allow myself to dream in that fashion, Miss Vaughan. Still, there comes a time in the life of every man when he can keep silent no longer. This is such a time."

It was, indeed, such a time. The full glory of a summer sunset held the world in awe. Soft twitterings from homing birds rippled above the gentle rustle of the trees, the placid flow of the river was like a soothing voice hushing the world to sleep. The roseate glory of the western sky was reflected from the girl's sweet face, and something misty and elusive shone in her violet eyes. Her lips were curved; but it was no smile that made them so tender—rather it was whole-souled pity.

"I'm sorry," she whispered gently. "I—I thought you would have known. Didn't anyone tell you how it was with me? Let me tell you the whole story, then."

"Lady Wilmington found me—I'm the eldest of seven—striving in the little vicarage. She had the goodness to say that I was pretty; that, with a fair chance, my prettiness would be my fortune."

"And so I left the vicarage, and came into Society—yes, Society with a capital S. Of course, I knew at the back of my mind that there would be some price to pay for it, but I didn't worry about the future when the present glowed so gloriously."

"It was all that I ever could have hoped for. I've touched happiness a hundred times since those days; but no day has been quite like the first. Oh, to feel that I was something in the scale of things! To know that my dreams had come to fruition; that the world was before me! And when the time came for the price to be paid, I didn't complain, for I'd had my golden hour or two. And it might have been so different, you know. Devereux isn't like a lot of the men one meets here and there. He's good; oh, yes, he's a good, clean man. His money hasn't spoilt him, you know—he's a clean, thoroughbred Englishman, and you couldn't look for better than that. Suppose it had been one of those—others!"

"Lady Wilmington told me that it was what she expected; in fact, she thawed, and said that she had fixed her mind on just that one ending to the thing. I couldn't disappoint her, you know. Have you ever felt gratitude—the kind of gratitude that makes one feel you would gladly be crushed to pieces bit by bit, if by suffering so you could in some measure repay your benefactors for their goodness to you? That is how I feel. I'm—I'm sorry, but—it has to be, and you wouldn't have it otherwise, would you?" And the girl leaned forward impulsively and laid her slim white hand on Ferrars' coat sleeve, so that he thrilled to the marrow at the touch.

"No," he said slowly, "I wouldn't have it—otherwise."

"I wish now I'd never spoken as I did. You would never have been content to come out with me to India, for there's nothing there such as you'll have here. You have a wonderful future before you—a wonderful future. You'll be the premier countess of England, and you will gain a position that you deserve by right of your loveliness and your sweetness. Oh, I'm not sorry that it's to be as it is. I'm rather—glad, I think."

For some reason or other the girl sighed gently. It was a mere breath, hardly audible, but it reached Ferrars' ears, so that he had to renew his grip on the turf, or he would have committed the very thing he was fighting hard to avoid.

"I should like to think," said the girl, after a pause, "that I've your good wishes with me in the coming time. It makes me very proud and very humble to know that I won the love of a good, strong man like you. Believe me, a woman doesn't play with hearts for the mere pleasure of throwing the broken pieces away when she likes. If a man does love her, it makes her very grateful and—perhaps a little sad. We can't help ourselves sometimes, no matter how hard we try, for men will love women until this dear old world goes out in flame and fire, I suppose."

"Can you spare me a minute, Miss Vaughan?" said Devereux's voice behind them. "I've something rather important to ask you. Lady Wilmington told me I should find you here. Sorry, old chap," he continued beamingly, turning towards Ferrars, "but—you know how it is with me, don't you?"

"Yes, I know how it is with you, confound you!" growled Ferrars between his teeth, as the earl turned away with the girl on his arm. "You're going to ask her to be your wife, and—she'll say yes; and—well, there's always India for a man, isn't there?"

Ferrars was left alone upon the terrace at Wilmington Priory. He had never intended to go there, but when Lord Wilmington,

Turn to page 45.]



Although it's almost impossible to buy pure Irish Linen Glass Cloths, we have secured supplies at greatly increased cost and they are now offered to "Dad" users for 30 points. These are genuine pre-war Irish Linen, in check designs of gold, red, blue and green colourings. Size 30" x 22". Reference No. 99—30 points required.

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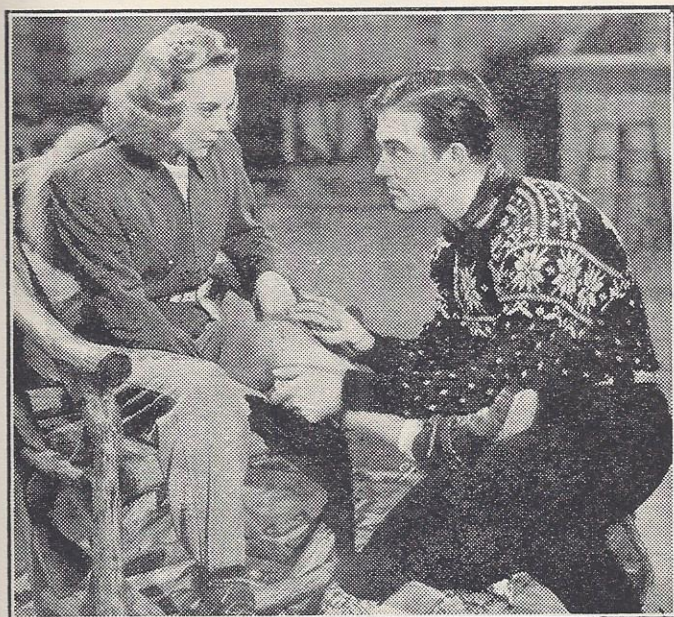
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"Sun Valley Serenade," Regent.

THE PLAY AND FILM

[From page 17.]

sees her and does not recognise her! Then his brother, Robert Montgomery, steps into the story. Later he proposes and is accepted. As showing how casual they are in these matters, Irene marries him in order to forget his brother, and he has to be reminded of his marriage by his butler the morning after! This night-life stuff is hectic. There are all sorts of other cross purpose happenings between the wife and the two brothers; but in the end, with the advent of a baby, there seems every prospect of their starting a new and happy life together.

As a story, "Hold back the Dawn," Prince Edward, has no



"Unfinished Business," State.



Will Mahoney, Evie Hayes, Tivoli.

interest for Australian people. It is concerned with the tricks of foreign immigrants who, in order to evade the regulations, marry American women, and so secure entry to the United States much earlier. Charles Boyer appears as a bad

man, and is well assisted by Paulette Goddard. Their acting leaves nothing to be desired. Paulette is bright and vivacious, and Charles works with perhaps too much reserve and posing. Olivia de Havilland, as the wife, who has been so coldbloodedly duped, steals the picture. Her work is fresh and delightfully charming, and goes a long way towards establishing the success of the film.

Ronald Colman's film, "My Life with Caroline," at the Mayfair, is a likely and ingenious story. The plot deals in gay fashion with the efforts of a tolerant and understanding husband (Colman) to keep his butterfly wife from leaving him for various persuasive admirers. The wife means well, but she is susceptible to flattery and is easily convinced that she's neglected and misunderstood and that she'd be much happier married to the particular gentleman who intrigues her fancy at the moment. With infinite tact



Myra Morton, "Rebecca," Minerva.

are also importantly involved. Red Skelton, by the way, is recognised as America's foremost stage humourist. For four successive years he has convulsed Washington as master of ceremonies at the President's Birthday Ball. His comical sayings were a byword on Broadway—and they're now the talk of Hollywood.

One of the most entertaining of all the Hardy Family pictures is "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," which brings the family together again in experiences that will strike home to hearts of young and old alike. In this latest film, the characters pass two milestones. It marks the graduation of the inimitable Andy from high school. Most people will welcome another of the Hardy Family pictures. They are nat-

and adroit manoeuvring the husband manages to break up these incipient affairs, and his strategy comprises the delightful basis of the story and its many surprises. British star, Anna Lee, is the vacillating wife, and others in the cast are Charles Winninger, Gilbert Roland and Reginald Gardiner.

Creeps and shivers, laughs and roars, love and romance. You get a taste of each in the hilarious comedy thriller, "Whistling in the Dark," at the Liberty. Red Skelton, a new comedy star, heads the list as a radio crime creator who is almost caught in the network of his own perfect crime. Conrad Veidt, Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey



"Man Power," Plaza.

ural and very human, and get right away from the usual correct stagey stuff. A newcomer to the family is Kathryn Grayson, playing Andy's high school secretary.

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add years to your looks



Just because harsh purgatives may give you temporary relief from constipation—have no illusions what they're doing to you. Severe-acting remedies that "shock" your system into action, can undermine your health, steal your looks. Drop them at once—before more damage is done.

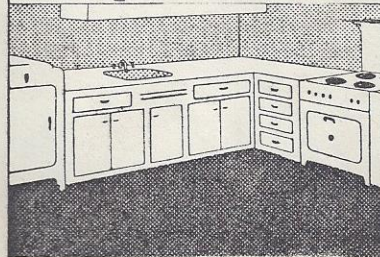
The safe way to correct constipation,—is by getting at the cause of your condition—lack of "bulk" in your diet. These days, we don't eat nearly enough bulk-producing foods—raw vegetables, for instance, or raw fruit. Your system needs a daily supply of "bulk" for the intestinal muscles to work on. Without "bulk", these muscles become slack and flabby—and

constipation sets in.

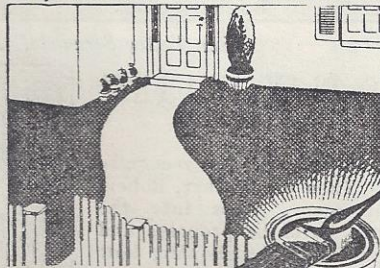
Here's concentrated "bulk"

You simply must put that "bulk" into your daily diet. Kellogg's All-Bran is a specially prepared cereal that gives you concentrated "bulk". It works in the same way as raw fruits and vegetables, only more surely, more thoroughly! When it enters the intestinal tract, it forms a soft, bulky mass that absorbs water and softens like a sponge. The delicate intestinal muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored.

Enjoy two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning with milk and sugar. (And let the milk soak right in.) In a week you'll be back to normal. No more harsh purgatives! Get some Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day!



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Are We at War?

One positively wonders if we are at war when we read of some of the happenings around the Melbourne Cup. This is the third Melbourne Cup during the war period. The attendance was 90,000 and over £135,000 was put through the totalisator! In Sydney, pedestrian traffic stopped in Martin Place while a description of the Melbourne Cup was broadcasted over the amplifiers installed on the recruiting speakers' platform! Three sitting magistrates adjourned cases before them at the Central Police Court shortly before the running of the Cup.

An American woman, driving her car very fast down a Paris boulevard, was stopped by a gendarme. "Alors, alors, alors!" he cried, and sharply demanded what she meant by driving at such a rate. Thinking fast, the lady explained that she was pursuing her husband and another woman, who were in a car ahead. The gendarme stepped aside. "After them, Madame, after them!" he said, gallantly waving her on.

Mother: "Now, Tommy, sit down and tell little Billy a story."

Tommy: "I can't sit down. I've just told Pa one."

A Mother Could Do No More

[From page 29.]

"Oh, quite. Did you have a good crossing?"

He explained carefully why the crossing had not been good, and for half an hour they waited for his luggage and directed at each other the most impersonal conversation. It was not until they were on the train for the short ride to their home that he knew he must speak.

"I can't tell you, dear," he said, "how it hurt me that you were alone through all that has happened."

"You couldn't have helped if you had been here."

"Was he a big boy, Claudia? A fine boy?"

She nodded. Her face was turned to the

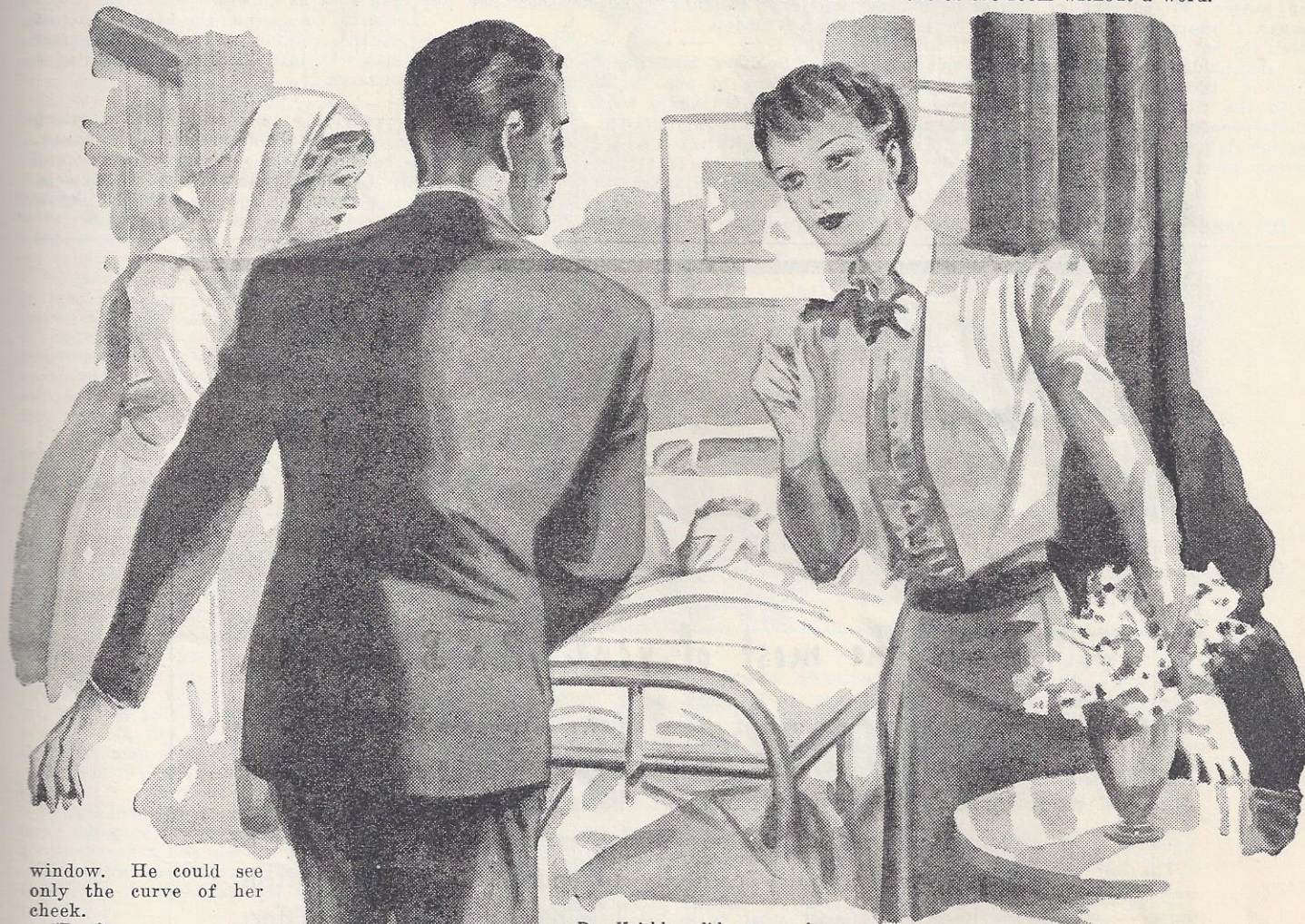
very briefly once that he would have liked better her interest in his work and her understanding of it if it had arisen from another cause. He did not want her to suffer, but it was satisfying to have her ask intelligent questions about what he was doing, to fall in with his earnestness. She had in the past been given to rubbing her cheek against his arm, to intruding coaxing, diverting ways into his thoughtful moments. She had dropped all that, she had dropped all suggestions for evenings out—they had not made or received a social visit—she had dropped, too, a light way of speaking of his profession, and had fallen in with the idea that it enveloped the world.

It enveloped it very thoroughly since he had become really famous. Not only in his own sanatorium was his advice and his

in her street gown, he knew it, for he was trained to observe, but it did not arouse his interest. He saw her frequently around the sanatorium. She asked him once if she might see him operate. He answered "No," sharply. That was going a little too far.

One day there was a slip in a serious case. Whether it was a twitch of a muscle, an over-fatigue that he had not known of, an over-certainty—Whatever it was, he knew that the Keithley operation was going to fail that time. It was a staggering blow. He knew it with his hands still on his patient; he suddenly saw that, after all, he was human, likely to fail. There was nothing invincible about him, as he had unconsciously grown to believe.

He finished the operation, met the eye of the nurse, and saw she knew, too. He went out of the room without a word.



Dr. Keithley did not need an explanation. The blood fled from his face.

window. He could see only the curve of her cheek.

"Don't you want to talk about it?"

She shook her head.

"Why shut me out, Claudia?"

"Don't!" she answered sharply. "Don't! Tell me about the operation, Grant. Of course we've read all that's been printed. Dr. Hugh thinks he has a couple of patients now who need that particular operation. It's a great thing, isn't it?"

If Dr. Keithley had had time the next few weeks, he would have wondered why he saw so little of his wife. It occurred to him in leisure seconds that there was a change in her. It was not an unpleasant change, though it was regrettable that it should have come from her grief. He considered

wonderfully firm hand wanted; he was constantly being called to the city to consult. Men old enough to be his father asked his advice, presented to him their more critical cases. The new operation was being performed now by other men, but it was called by his name. It had been tremendously successful even in other hands. The Keithley operation was known far.

It was all so engrossing that it was difficult for him to care much about other things. If he went home to dinner and Claudia was not there, it was immaterial. If she came in late and sat down to dinner

At the end of the corridor Dr. Hugh and Claudia were standing, and he did not pass them by. He suddenly wanted sympathy.

They looked up as he stopped and moved slightly apart. Claudia seemed to leave a sentence unfinished. It occurred to him that they were waiting for him to pass on.

The child in the man spoke, pleading for comfort.

"I've had bad luck in there, Hugh."

The other surgeon knew instantly.

"What happened?" he asked, under his breath.

"I don't know. I may have been a little nervous. It seemed the usual case. But it's gone bad."

"Are you sure?"

[Turn to page 39.]

CHRISTMAS IN THE KITCHEN

[From page 31.]

spoonful of soda; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt; 1 cupful of thick, sour cream; 1 teaspoonful of vanilla; $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of walnuts.

Cream the shortening and the sugar until light and fluffy. Add the eggs, which have been well beaten. Mix well. Sift the dry ingredients and add alternately to the creamed mixture with the sour cream. Add vanilla and part of the nuts, chopped, saving the rest to put on the cookies after they have been frosted. Drop by teaspoonsful on to greased cookie slides, keeping the cookies 2 inches apart. Bake in a hot oven for about 10 minutes. When the cookies are cool, spread with this icing:

Browned Butter Icing: 6 tablespoonsful of butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupsful of confectioner's sugar, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla, hot water. Melt the butter in a skillet, heating it until it turns golden brown, being careful not to burn it. Blend in the confectioner's sugar. Add the vanilla, then the hot water, a tablespoonful at a time, until the icing is of the right consistency for spreading. Top with a piece of walnut.

Ginger Shortcake.

One-third cupful sugar, 2 eggs (save 1

white), $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful treacle, 2 cupsful flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful ginger, 2 teaspoonsful cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cloves, 1 teaspoonful soda, $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful boiling water.

Blend sugar, eggs and light sweet butter. Stir in treacle. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, spices—add to first mixture, stirring lightly. Do not try to mix smooth. Dissolve soda in boiling water and add to mixture. Stir briskly until smooth. Pour into 2 greased layer tins (8-inch) which are dusted with flour. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. While fresh, serve with:

Banana Cream Filling: Beat 1 cupful whipping cream and 1 egg white (see ingredients) with 2 tablespoonsful sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful ginger. Slice 3 bananas. Use cream and bananas between shortcake layers and on top.

Soldiers' Knitting Book.

Get a copy of our "Soldiers' Knitting Book" now. Owing to paper restrictions the edition is a very limited one. Among the articles illustrated and described are: The soldier's sock (2 styles); convertible Balaclava cap; military sleeveless pullover; gloves; mittens; soldier's scarf; knee caps; Balaclava helmet; sleeping cap, etc. Price

is 7d. Orders should be sent to "Australian Home Journal," 407-409 Kent St., Sydney.

Troubled Soles.

The junior member of the gang engaged in repairing the road was having a busy time. Hither and thither he ran, as one or other required his services. But what interested an inquisitive onlooker was that he answered to the unusual name of Casabianca.

"Why do you call your mate Casabianca?" asked the bystander of one of the navvies. "Is he something of a hero?"

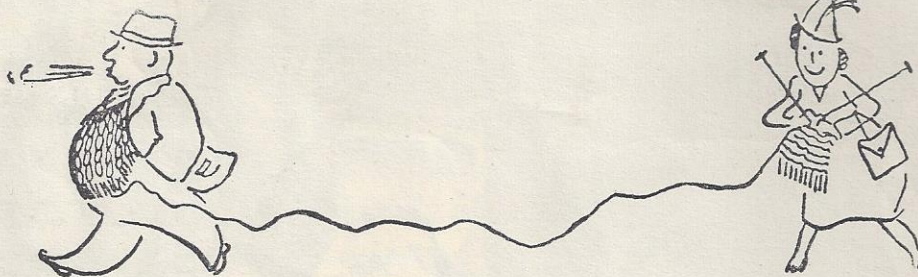
"Im a bloomin' 'ero? Not likely!" was the scornful reply. "'E just suffers with 'ot feet."

Hint to the Wise.

Toastmaster: "What is the hardest part of your work as a lecturer?"

Lecturer: "As a rule, the hardest part of my work is waking up the audience after the man who introduces me has concluded his remarks."

I was riding on a train with a young lady. She was the dumbest girl I ever saw. The conductor came through the car and said: "Let down your windows, we are coming to a tunnel." And she wanted to know which side it was on.—Mark Twain.



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A Mother Could Do No More

[From page 37.]

"Sure? Of course I'm sure!"
 Claudia touched him.
 "You don't mean the—operation failed?"
 "Something went wrong."
 She clutched his arm.
 "Oh, it couldn't have failed! You don't mean that it can sometimes fail?"
 He flung off her hand.
 "That's no way to take it. It means more to me than it does to you."
 "More—to—you—"

Her face was so white it angered him. He was the one who had suffered the blow. He was the one who had the right to feel it. He turned sharply away, to turn back almost at once, ashamed. Dr. Hugh and Claudia were looking at each other; he was speaking in a whisper, his hand on her shoulder, comforting her, apparently—for what? Dr. Keithley turned his back on them and went to his private room.

A new thought touched him as he took off his white clothes. Why should Dr. Hugh be comforting Claudia? She had turned to him as to someone who understood. He himself would not have thought of putting his hand on the shoulder of Dr. Hugh's wife. Philandering? He said the ugly word aloud scornfully, and it connected itself at once with Claudia's new interest.

It was the other thing, though, that gripped him—the reason for what had happened in the operating room. Did it mean a condition of the eye that he had not provided against? Did it mean a degree of carelessness? Did it mean—most terrible surmise of all—that he was losing the steel firmness of his hand?

"I believe I'm nervous," he said to himself. "I believe I've stuck to it too tight. I'm overworked. If I lose my hand I've lost everything."

He called the head nurse and told her that he would be gone the rest of the day. He got into his motor and grazed the speed limit on his way out of the city. It was early forenoon when he left, and all day he drove at top speed. He stopped once for petrol, but that was the only time his eyes failed to stare fixedly ahead at nothing. The one little slip that might have happened to any surgeon obsessed him. It might mean just a momentary carelessness or a brief failure to grasp the conditions, or it might mean defeat in all.

Late in the afternoon he turned towards home.

"I feel better," he considered. "This has done me good. I'm cold and hungry, but I've lessened the strain. I'll do this oftener—alone, too. It's better than to be chattered to. Just get mental rest and solitude."

The lights were burning bright when he entered the city and swept right through the outlying streets. He was refreshed, and his lips puckered into a whistle. A block at a crossing halted him, and as he shifted levers for a start, he saw Claudia walking swiftly along under an electric light just ahead. He drew up to the kerb even with her and called. She got in beside him without any remark, and he tucked the robe about her.

"What in the world are you doing away out here? he asked, smiling down at her. She was flushed and pretty.

"There are some people I come out here to see once in a while," she answered. There was a click in her throat as she spoke that caught him. He stopped the car at the first corner.

[Turn to page 41.]

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

CHEESE SETS RENTALS.

The Squires of certain English villages set the rentals for their pasture-lands by the quality of cheese produced there.

CALCIUM VITAL FOR WAR WORKERS!

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Thousands of sufferers have confirmed the verdict of modern medical science that only a vaccine treatment is lastingly effective in the treatment of

rheumatic and arthritic disorders. **LANTIGEN "C" Immunisation Treatment** gives rapid, genuine relief and ends pain, because it removes the cause once and for all by providing an oral vaccine (no pain or injections) which destroys the germs and drives them out of the system.

Sufferers report:— "I was a complete invalid, owing to Rheumatoid Arthritis. Went to 5 doctors. Hip had to be bored to relieve pain, but suffered as much as before. Completely well on 3 bottles of Lantigen. Lantigen "C" is sold and recommended by all chemists."

TAKE Lantigen "C"

ORAL VACCINE

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney

Pride.

Youthful Father: "Our baby is beginning to recite, 'Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?'"

Neighbour: "And he's only eight months' old?"

Father: "Well, he doesn't say all of it yet, but he's got as far as the 'baa, baa'."

The Prisoner.

The officer of the day entered a guard-room and found it empty except for a private, who, stripped to his shirt and trousers, was lounging on a chair, smoking a clay pipe. "Where's the sergeant of the guard?" demanded the officer, angrily.

"Gone across to the sergeant's mess to have a drink, sir," replied the private.

"And the sentries?"

"In the canteen, sir."

"Then, confound it, what are you doing here?"

"Me, sir?" was the reply. "I'm the prisoner."

Tact.

A film actor and his wife were seated in a secluded corner of their club. The wife had a tongue like a shrew and was berating her husband in no uncertain terms.

Unnoticed by her, a party of acquaintances approached within earshot, just as she delivered herself of this: "You mean skunk! Of all the slimy snakes I think you're the worst. You're just a cheap skate!"

Noticing the people who had just arrived, the husband, who deserves a medal for tact, said: "Quite right, my dear; and what else did you say to him?"

Levelling Things Up.

Cophall was regarded as the meanest man in the locality. When Johnson entered his fruit shop to purchase a few pounds of kidney beans Cophall kept balancing the scales to see that he did not give overweight, finally breaking a bean into halves to ensure the weight was only just correct.

Johnson picked up his change in disgust, leaving a halfpenny on the counter.

"You haven't picked up all your change, sir?" said Cophall.

"It's all right," answered Johnson. "Keep that halfpenny. I trod on a peanut as I came in."



Love Set

"Love" may be "nothing" in tennis, but it certainly is everything in life to a woman. They who get love are the ones who win! They who have loveliness are the ones who get love. What is *your* score?

If you use *Three Flowers Face Powder*, you'll rate tops in charm. Always well-groomed, yet so fresh and natural-looking, your complexion will make you win first place in *his* heart, and make you match mates for life!

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Spreads smoothly,
evenly.



Adheres perfectly
for hours.



Gives a natural-looking
loveliness.

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To enhance your loveliness



LONDON • RICHARD HUDNUT • NEW YORK

A Mother Could Do No More

[From page 39.]

"Just a minute, Claudia. I want a cigar."

He went into the store and, calling the sanatorium on the telephone, asked for Dr. Hugh. He was not there; he had been out all the afternoon, the voice said. Then he called his partner's house. He was not coming home to dinner, they told him. He looked at Claudia curiously as he got back into the car.

He looked curiously, too, when she came in to dinner a few nights later after the soup had been served, came in flushed and pretty again, perceptibly nervous.

He noticed, during the weeks that followed, how extremely pretty Claudia was. He noted her continual lapses from regularity at the dinner hour. He noticed her listening to Dr. Hugh. During the long rides to which he held himself strictly he thought more often of Claudia than of his anxiety concerning the firmness of his right hand.

"Just as well to get my mind off that, even if disagreeably," he told himself professionally.

He was alone in his office when Dr. Hugh came in to tell him of a charity case sent in for operation.

"It's a child—deaf and blind," he said. "The mother is ill, I believe, and the friends are anxious that you should see the baby. I've examined it, and it seems to me that you have here a chance for the Keithley operation on both eyes and ears. It's the first case you've had where there are both conditions in the same patient. Most interesting. There's a question, too, as to the mind of the child—whether it is normal. It occurred to me the condition of the mind might be due to the deafness and blindness. At any rate, I knew you would be interested, and I told them to bring it in for you to see."

Dr. Keithley looked up.

"I don't know whether I want to do it. Fact is, I've been rather off my hand lately. You may have noticed I've avoided the difficult. I've done only the easy things."

"That way lies bad work," remarked the other.

The surgeon flushed.

"I'm not doing bad work, but it's all been a little on my nerves. I've been troubled about something—"

"You don't mean you're afraid to tackle this job, surely, do you?" asked Dr. Hugh. Dr. Keithley got up suddenly.

"Afraid? No. Is the child here now? Let's see it."

The baby was not making any noise, but it was doing other things to indicate that it was very much alive. It was a round, sturdy baby, and when Dr. Keithley was introduced, it was busy rolling from one end of the bed to the other, waving white-stockinged, plump legs, banging its small, firm body against the rail at one end, then rolling across to bang on the further side. Its hair curled in tiny rings of gold-brown. Its eyes were shut tight.

Dr. Keithley watched it silently for a few minutes and then sat down on the side of the bed and rolled the child to him. It opened its eyes and stared, a white, blank look; then rolled away from him again, with shut eyes and silent, smiling mouth. The surgeon answered the nurse's question.

"Yes, it's worth the trial. I don't believe there's anything the matter with the baby mentally. It rolls and performs in this extraordinary way," smiling and patting the

SO HIGHLY STRUNG —



ELIZABETH: "Darling, I'm worried about Thelma. She's so highly strung and sensitive. Doesn't seem to fit in with the other girls . . ."

JIM: "Yes. She looks so thin and pale too."



ELIZABETH: "Just look at her! She should be outside playing on a day like this!"

JIM: "We'd better let Dr. Hawkins have a look at her."



DOCTOR: "Mrs. Morris, Thelma's a very sensitive and highly strung child. And her troubles are really due to her sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heartbeats and breathing at night also use up energy. Naturally, if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run down, pale, thin and just pick at their food. So give Thelma Horlicks."



JIM: "She's full of life now Bet!"

ELIZABETH: "Horlicks has made all the difference in the world to her."

Priced from 1/6; economy size, 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/-.



HORLICKS

GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

little body, "because it has nothing else to do and is full of good, strong life. If it could see, if it could hear, there would be an outlet for all this exuberance." He patted the child again. "We'll see what we can do with you, youngster. To-morrow morning, nurse."

That night Dr. Keithley was late home. As he ran up the steps he expected the door to open and Claudia to protest, but he had to let himself in. The lights were burning and the dinner was ready. The maid told him that Mrs. Keithley would not be home for dinner, and after it was over he paced up and down the library. It was nine o'clock. It was ten. When it was much later than that he considered what he should do if she did not come at all. He did not call up to find out whether Dr. Hugh was gone; he did not call anyone. He felt that Claudia was using a right that was hers; he would ask no questions, arouse no curiosity. The possibility of an accident did not stay with him. He told himself that she was staying away because she chose and that it was part of the change in her.

At the usual hour he went to the sanatorium and sat down in his office waiting. It was still early when a nurse came in.

"The baby is ready in the operating room."

"What baby?" The surgeon was far away from his work of the day before.

"The deaf and blind child, sir."

"I can't operate this morning. I—I—am not well. Let it wait."

"Very well, sir. But we have etherised."

"I'll come at once," said Dr. Keithley.

He did not see Dr. Hugh as he went to the operating room. He had not seen or

heard him that morning.

After the hour had passed, the nurses talked together about the way in which Dr. Keithley had operated.

"He was like a machine," said one. "Did you ever see anything to equal his coolness and firmness? He didn't make a false motion. It was like the ticking of a clock, the way in which he moved. Oh, he's great! No man ever had such confidence, was so certain of himself! Do you know what he thinks of the child's condition?"

"No, I don't," said the other nurse. "But I'm going up to see if I can get him to talk."

She found Dr. Grant Keithley standing by the child's bed. The effects of the anaesthetic had begun to wear away; the baby was throwing its arms about restlessly.

"You did a beautiful piece of work, doctor," ventured the nurse.

"I'm sure of its eye," he replied. "Not quite so sure of perfect hearing, but of good hearing—it will be good— But the eyes came out magnificently, nurse. We'll have a corking fine baby here to give back to its mother."

The curtain over the opposite door was swinging, straining at the rings. Someone was clinging to it from behind, and the weight was dragging it down. The rings broke and someone stumbled forward—Claudia!

Dr. Keithley did not need an explanation. The blood fled from his face.

"How did you dare to tell me he had died?"

She raised her head and her eyes flamed.

"How did I dare not tell you? How did I dare give you a child who was deaf and blind? You had always talked about the

fine, great boy you wanted. You had only pride in him—no love for him. You had hardly any for me! I had just a little corner of your heart; the rest of it was all ambition, all pride, all wanting to be great. Oh, I didn't dare! When I knew what he was, I didn't dare!"

Dr. Keithley stood without a word.

Claudia listened with bent head to the baby's breathing.

"And no wonder my dear little child came this way! I was always wanting you and couldn't get you because you were doing other things. You talked your profession, you lived it, you never had time to think of me. And when he came—this way—I knew I could never face you. They said he wouldn't live—he was so very little—so I told you he was dead, and when you were coming home, I had to send him away. Dr. Hugh did it for me. He begged me not to, but I was determined. My dear little boy—he got well and strong. I went every day to see him where we had put him—out there, you know, where you found me once. Then I took the chance of your skill. I gave him into your hands—you who were growing to care for nothing but your work. A mother could do no more, could she? I rocked him in my arms all last night and then gave him to you."

Dr. Keithley covered his face with his hands and groaned. His wife crossed to him.

"Forgive me!" she whispered. "You do care! I didn't mean that—I am the selfish one. It was right for you to learn to be great. But love me—love us both—much—very much—"

Outside, a nurse hesitated, then reached in and shut the door.



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READ THIS LETTER

Miss P. A. writes from Newcastle:—
"For the past three years I have attended my doctor for anaemia and pains peculiar to women and at such times as these I have had to go to bed for at least five or six days on end and I have not been able to help myself at all. I thought I would give your 'ASPRO' a trial, and I am sure I wish I had tried them sooner, as after taking them twice they put new life into me and I can now go about anywhere without the least bit of fear and that is something after three years' fear and pain. To say that I am troubled with my heart and they do not harm me in the least is a high praise for 'ASPRO,' the 'Health giver'."

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34/41

Four "VAREX" Applications HEAL BAD LEG

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Every Woman Desires Good Health

Every woman who desires Good Health and Happy Motherhood is invited to call or write for a copy of our Free Booklet, "Health for Women" (enclosing 3d. for postage), to Dept. A, LADIES' COLLEGE OF HEALTH, Suite 406, 4th Floor, Culwulla Chambers, 67 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Tel. M3641, late 54 Oxford St. Melbourne: Harvey Court, 234 Collins St. Adelaide: 17 Paringa Bldgs., Hindley St. Est. 54 years.

Just a thick paste made of lemon juice and whiting will whiten piano keys which have become yellow. Leave the paste on for a few minutes, remove with a soft cloth wrung out of warm water. A soft duster sprinkled with sweet oil will give the keys a nice polish.



A unique costume consisting of a striking white linen "Teepee" skirt and blouse, introduced by Peggy Moran, Universal. The skirt is a modern adaptation of the traditionally designed Seminole Indian teepee, with gaily patterned slit at the right side of the hem representing the V shaped opening. The double ruffle and wide girdle at waistline depict the top pattern of the teepee, whilst the black lines extending up the blouse typify the lodge poles. The entire applique design, complete with tribal snake on the front skirt, is in authentic Indian colours of purple, blue, orange, red, green and black.

Winning the War.

Writing to one of the daily papers, a correspondent points out that "apparently Australia is more concerned with winning the Melbourne Cup than winning the war. Numerous special trains, consuming precious coal and oil, were run from Sydney to accommodate the 5,000 visitors from this State. There is something radically wrong with Australia. Ours is not an 'all-in' war effort by any means. In the same issue of the papers giving the result of the Melbourne Cup there was published a casualty list of Australian killed and wounded, and also cables about the attempts to annihilate Moscow by the German hordes. Australia apparently is not awake!"

A stone jar is a splendid substitute for a basin when steaming a pudding. Leave plenty of room for pudding to rise. You can serve attractive round portions this way.



The "swish" of a crisply tailored skirt... the youthful cut of waist and bodice... the soft femininity of line... these are just a few of the signs by which you can tell the "ADELYN" range of summer frocks.

There are lots and lots of different styles... different colour schemes... and different fabrics for you to choose from. So go along to your favourite store and select your "ADELYN" Frock or Coat. They are stocked by all the leading stores... so look for the "ADELYN" LABEL.



2/41

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Silver won't tarnish in damp and foggy weather if smeared with a little linseed oil on a flannel after it is cleaned. Polish with a chamois leather.

Greasy marks on polished furniture are easily removed with a duster sprinkled with kerosene. Polish afterwards with a clean, dry duster.



RELAX—BE REFRESHED

Tired bodies and aching muscles proclaim the need of a Radox bath. Unaccustomed exercise, physical overstrain—these result in soreness in muscles which persists for days. Unless you are physically very fit, a hard round of golf or a day spent digging in the garden leaves you stiff, tired and with muscular pains. Why suffer or put up with discomfort? Take a hot Radox bath (with half a dozen tablespoonfuls of Radox), relax in real luxury for fifteen or twenty minutes—and, presto! you step out thoroughly refreshed. No hangover of stiff and sore muscles. Large 12-oz. packet at all chemists, 2/6.

RADOX makes your bath a mineral spring.



Playing Safe.

"You didn't carry out your plans to elope?"

"No, I found father was planning to move, and I didn't know where we'd find him when we got back."

Serve hot cakes as soon as they are done if convenient, but whenever served, see that they are really hot. Half-warm cakes are anything but good. When they are to be split and buttered before serving, put them back into the oven for a minute or two after buttering. Half-melted butter is unappetising; it should be hot enough to penetrate the cakes.

The reason home-made cakes that contain yeast are sometimes heavy is because both ingredients and utensils have not been warmed beforehand. If yeast comes in contact with extreme cold, its effectiveness is quite spoiled.

When egg and milk is being used in the making, save just enough to brush over the cakes, before putting them in the oven; it improves the appearance. The kiddies will think of sprinkling of sugar a further improvement. It is, as a rule, best to do this when the cakes are almost done, especially if they are the kind that need a hot oven, otherwise the tops will burn.

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH [From page 33.]

who had taken something of a fancy to the big, quiet man, invited him there for a week, he found it hard to refuse. And Ferrars

realized, as only a man of imagination can realize, the bitter loneliness of his coming life. He had given his whole heart's love to the one woman of his life, the virgin passion of his thirty-odd years was lavished freely at the one shrine—and it was a wasted offering. Henceforth, for him life could hold nothing but grim regret and unutterable loneliness. He was not the man to love and ride away. His heart refused to allow the intrusion of any possible successor to the one woman, and—the world was a very dreary place.

"It won't be cowardly to clear out," he said time after time. "I can always say I've been called back to my rajah." And, acting on the impulse, he made his

[Turn to page 54.]

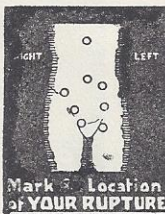


He had saved her life—and no man could do more, he said breathlessly. Her companion, what of him?

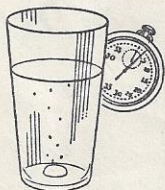
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Even the most violent headache yields quickly to 2 Bayer's Aspirin, yet Bayer's cannot affect your heart or digestion.

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spirits and dab the back of the transfer gently all over the design. A clear impression will result.



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HAWAIIAN CLUB, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney.
Please send me by return mail complete details of your Home Study Course without obligation. Tell me how I can obtain an Hawaiian Guitar, Spanish Guitar, Hill Billy Guitar or Ukulele on a small deposit.

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Be on your guard against this crippling infection. Look between your toes at night. If the skin is cracked, moist and pulpy or itchy, it is probably due to Surfer's Foot. Don't delay — treat this stubborn infection with IODEX, which kills the germs and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues.

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OUR FREE PATTERNS

[TURNINGS MUST BE ALLOWED FOR ON ALL PATTERNS.]



FROCK, 5789.

The pattern pieces needed are illustrated in the cutting guide, therefore it will be necessary to complete the sleeve pattern and to cut a pattern for the skirt back from the pieces supplied.

Place the skirt pattern on another piece of paper, fold in a straight line from the notch at the top to the one at the bottom and turn under. Trace around the entire outer edge. Pin the straight edge of the sleeve pattern to a fold of paper, trace around the armhole and underarm seam, then through the punchholes that indicate the back on the armhole.

Notch the armhole, mark the front and side of the skirt and cut out on the traced lines.

Test the pattern for the correct size by pinning all pieces together, bearing in mind that seam and hem allowances are not included. Slip on the wearer to see if necessary to shorten or lengthen the pattern.

Shorten by taking a fold above the waistline and one below the hipline.

Lengthen in the same places, cutting the pattern and inserting sufficient paper to provide the extra length required.

Remove and even up all seam edges if alterations were made.

Straighten the material at the ends, remove all creases and the fold from the centre by pressing on the wrong side over a well-padded surface.

Place the material on the table with the right side uppermost and pin the pattern in position with the centre front and back of the

skirt on the true bias. Provide allowances of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches for the skirt hem, 1 inch at the underarm seams, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch on the shoulder seams for letting out if necessary and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch on all other edges. Cut out and mark clearly all seams, notches and punchholes with a tracing wheel, tailors' chalk or tacking to ensure accuracy when assembling the frock.

Join the gore to the skirt front in a plain seam, using thread to match the material for stitching. Remove the selvages to prevent puckering, press the seam open and overcast the raw edges. Pin the front and back together, first at top and bottom, and then in between. Tack with small stitches and pin the waistline to a padded hanger and allow the skirt to hang for a few hours to give the material an opportunity of stretching.

Between the notches on the bodice side fronts and across the sleeve tops, stitch on the marked seam line with a loosened tension and a lengthened stitch, then $\frac{1}{8}$ inch each side of the first stitching. Alter the machine to the normal stitch again.

Draw up all threads of the bodice to fit the spaces between the notches on the front panel. Arrange the fulness evenly and tie all threads securely. Clip along the curved edges of the panel every $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, turn under the allowance and pin to the side fronts in lapped seams. Tack, machine as close as possible to the seam edge, press and neaten the raw edges.

Join the sleeves in plain seams and press open. Pin the bodice front and back together at the shoulders and underarms in plain seams and leave openings of 3 inches on the left-hand side at the neck end and waistline. Pin the sleeves to the armholes with the notches meeting and arrange the fulness evenly by drawing up all threads. Pin the bodice and skirt together and open the underarm seam of the skirt near the waistline.

Slip the frock on and observe the fitting. Note whether the shoulder width is becoming, free of folds and correctly placed. For those with square shoulders, decrease the shoulder seam allowance at the armhole end, and, for sloping shoulders, increase the allowance, tapering into the original seam line at the neck end.

Alter the length of the shoulder seam if necessary and see that the sleeves are correctly set in. Next see that the waistline is becoming and alter if desirable, then take in or let out the allowance at the underarm seams if the frock is too tight or too loose. Remove the frock from the wearer. Machine the shoulder and underarm seams and before doing this remove the pins near the seams holding the sleeves and the skirt to the bodice. Press the seams open and neaten the raw edges. Repin sleeves and waistline seam and secure by machine, press and neaten.

Cut a fitted facing for the neck edge of the back and front of frock, using the pattern as a guide and making the facing $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch longer than the opening of 4 inches down the centre back, also self-material bias strips for the lower edges of sleeves. Join the facing at the shoulders in plain seams, press open and pin facing and bias strips to neck and sleeve edges with right sides together.

Machine exactly on the marked seam lines and $\frac{1}{8}$ inch each side of the centre

back line down to the bottom of the opening. Trim allowance to within $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of the stitching and cut on centre back line almost to the stitching at the bottom of the opening. Turn the facings to the inside, press carefully, turn under the raw edges and slip-stitch in place.

Finish the opening on the left underarm seam with two self-material strips $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 1 inch longer than the opening. Machine these on the right side exactly on the marked seam lines, trim allowance, turn to inside, turn under raw edges and hem to the previous row of stitching.

Clip the allowance on the back, above and below the opening, and press both bindings towards the front. Sew a hook and bar at the waistline and sufficient snap fasteners above and below the opening to ensure a neat, inconspicuous closing. At the same time sew a hook and work a bar at the top of the neck opening.

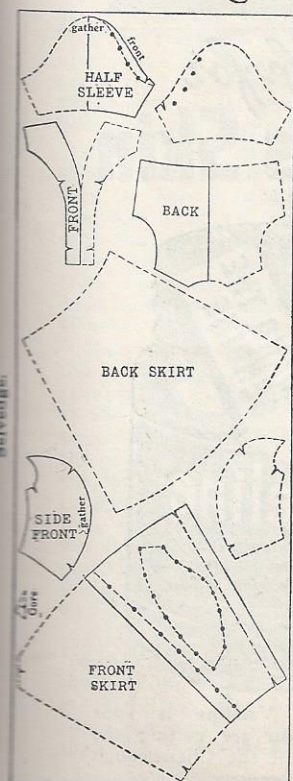
Make the belt long enough to tie in an attractive bow at the front and work buttonhole bars at the sides to hold it in place. Slip the frock on again, mark the correct length, remove, turn the hem, secure by hand, press carefully, then complete with the final pressing.

Pattern is for 36-inch bust. Material: 3 yards 36 inches wide.

[For 34-inch bust take $\frac{1}{2}$ inch off side seams of front and back. For 38-inch bust allow $\frac{1}{2}$ inch on side seams of front and back.]

FROCK, 5790.

The cutting guide illustrates the shape of the various pattern pieces for this frock.



The skirt back and the sleeve are cut in accordance with the suggestions given for [Turn to page 49.]

A FORTUNE FOR THE TAKING

GOLD DISCOVERY REPORTED—RUSH TO LEAVE ENGLAND:

London—1884.

Confirmation has been received of the exciting discovery of a gold field in West Australia. The field has been named Kimberley, after the famous mines of South Africa. Many young married couples and families are venturing to try their fortunes, and are setting out for the colony in great haste. Although there has been considerable development of the colony recently, the Kimberley field is remote, and hardships will have to be endured by adventurers.



FROM ENGLAND—AND OF MORE VALUE THAN GOLD!

To sustain the health that is more valuable than wealth, these Australian adventurers were able to bring with them a plentiful supply of delicious and nourishing Foster Clark's Creamy Custard.

Over 70 years ago Foster Clark's Creamy Custard won approval for its quality and easy preparation. Now, Foster Clark's is the popular Custard wherever the British flag flies, famed for its pure, fine ingredients. It is rich in the vitamins that build sound, healthy bodies. Serve it to your family often.



THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

There are many imitations of Foster Clark's Creamy Custard. But Custards that are made merely to sell at a low price cannot compare with Foster Clark's. There are no artificial flavours in Foster Clark's Custard! Refuse cheap substitutes. Insist on Foster Clark's, the Custard with the reputation!



IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST!

It pays to buy Foster Clark's Creamy Custard, because it goes further! You have the choice of Vanilla, Lemon, Almond and Standard—and various sizes, including a penny packet! Ask for Foster Clark's Creamy Custard.

V 1167B.

*A pleasure to serve
—Luscious to eat*

Fresh from New Zealand's primest oyster beds... brimming with zestful appetising appeal... St. George Oysters are a revelation in juiciness, in flavour. Serve this treat to the whole family... in soup, as fritters, as oyster stew, or even cold... just straight from the can. St. George Oysters are highly nutritious, tinned under exacting standards and preserved in a generous measure of their own liquor to bring the exclusive Stewart Island flavour direct to you. Get a tin from your grocer today.

Irvine & Stevenson's St. George Co. Ltd., Dunedin, N.Z.

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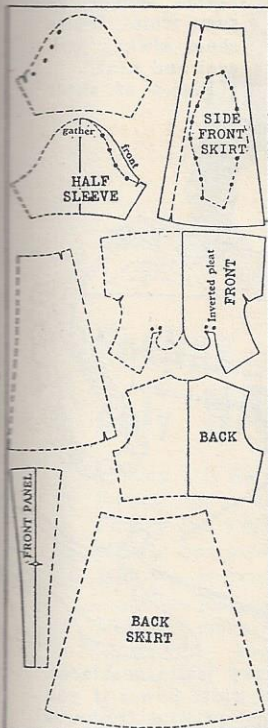


The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

OUR FREE PATTERNS

[From page 47.]

Frock 5789, but it will also be necessary to cut a pattern for the pocket and tab in one piece, and one for the skirt side fronts.



Pin the skirt front to paper, trace along the side, across the top and bottom, and then through the punchholes near the centre front.

Cut on the traced lines, pin all pieces together, try on the figure and alter if necessary, following the directions previously given. Cut out, providing similar seam and hem allowances.

Centre of panel marked with notch.

Join the front panel to the side fronts in plain seams, press open and neaten the raw edges.

Pin the front and back together at the sides and leave an opening of 4 inches at the top on the left-hand side.

Join the underarm seams of sleeves in plain seams, press open and neaten. Gather across the tops and at the bodice front and back waistlines. Pin the pleats in the bodice fronts, then pin the front and back together at the shoulders and underarms, leaving 3-inch opening on the left-hand side.

Turn under the allowance on the skirt waistline and pin to the bodice in a lapped seam. Pin the sleeves to the armholes, then slip the frock on the wearer and make alterations if necessary, being guided by the directions given for Frock 5789. At the same time note whether the neckline is becoming, and vary if desired.

Remove from the wearer, machine the shoulder, underarm and waistline seams, then the sleeves to the armholes, following the details given for Frock 5789. Bind with contrast or cut a fitted facing for the neck edge and upper edge of the pleats, from the pattern, making this 2 inches wide and 1 inch longer than an opening of 4 inches at the centre back.

Machine exactly on the marked seam line, trim allowance to within $\frac{1}{8}$ inch of the stitching and cut almost to the stitching at the bottom of the opening and into all corners. Turn to inside, press, turn under the raw edges and slip-stitch in place. Lap the scallops over the front, fold the pleats in position and tie-stitch securely at the top. Sew the buttons to the scallops, taking the stitches through all thicknesses of material. Finish the sleeve edges with self-material bias strips applied in the same way as the neck facing.

Finish the side opening, then cut facings for the pockets the same size and shape as the pockets. Pin together with the right sides facing, machine around the outer edges and leave an opening of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the bottom. Trim allowance, turn right

side out, close openings by slip-stitching, press tabs in place, sew on the buttons and machine to skirt in a becoming and convenient position.

Make the belt, apply the fasteners and allow the frock to hang overnight on a padded coat-hanger. Then mark the correct length while on the wearer, remove, turn and secure the hem and complete with the final pressing.

Pattern is for 36-inch bust. Material: 3 yards 36 inches wide.

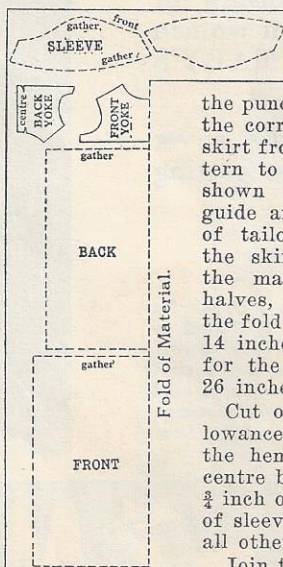
[For alteration to other sizes, see No. 5789 description.]

NIGHTDRESS, 10,514.

Separate the front and back yokes by cutting in a straight line through the punchholes that indicate the shoulder seam.



10,514



Then cut the sleeve pattern by tracing around the punchholes, outlining the correct shape on the skirt front. Pin the pattern to the material as shown in the cutting guide and, with the aid of tailors' chalk, mark the skirt sections with the material folded in halves, 15 inches from the fold for the front and 14 inches from the fold for the back, and both 26 inches long.

Cut out, providing allowances of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches for the hem and down the centre back of the yoke, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch on the lower edge of sleeves and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch on all other edges.

Join the shoulders and underarm seams of bodice, sleeves and skirt in flat fell seams. Gather the upper edge of the skirt and the upper and lower edge of the sleeves, following the directions given for Frock 5789. Draw up all threads on the skirt to fit the lower edge of bodice and on the sleeves to fit the armholes and the arm of the little wearer.

Turn back the allowance on the centre backs, turn under the raw edges and secure by hand. Lap the right-hand side over the left and tack together. Finish the neck edge and lower edge of sleeves with self-material bias facings 1 inch wide, applied on the right side, turned and secured by hand on the inside.

Pin the sleeves to the armholes with the higher curve to the front and the sleeve seam about 1 inch towards the front from the underarm seam.

Arrange the fullness evenly, secure by machine and overcast the raw edges together.

Join the bodice to the skirt in a lapped seam, press, turn the lower edge and secure by hand. Finish the neckline with dainty lace frilling and sew fasteners to the back opening or sew on buttons and work buttonholes to correspond.

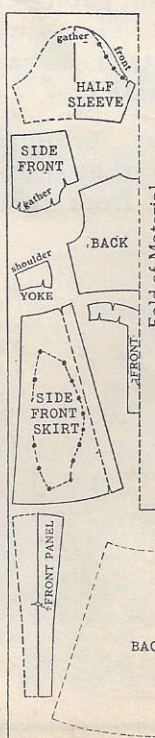
Pattern is for child 4 years. Material: 2 yards 36 inches wide.

FROCK, 5791.

As this skirt is similar to the one illustrated in Frock 5790, follow the directions previously given for cutting the pattern for the back



5791



and side fronts. To complete the sleeve pattern, follow the details given for Frock 5789.

Before cutting the material test, then alter the pattern if necessary. Pin to the material as shown in the cutting guide and cut out with similar allowances to those mentioned for the other frocks.

Gather the upper and lower edges of the bodice side fronts and upper edge of sleeves as described for Frock 5789. Clip around the curved edges of the front bodice panel, turn under allowance and pin to side fronts in lapped seams.

Tack, machine, press and neaten. Turn under allowance on edge of yokes in the same way.

Join the sleeves in plain seams and press open. Join the skirt front to

[Turn to page 50.]

OUR FREE PATTERNS

[From page 49.]

the side fronts in plain seams, press and neaten. Pin the front and back together at the sides, then pin the shoulder and underarm seams of bodice. Pin the sleeves to the armholes and the skirt to the bodice in a lapped seam.

Slip the frock on to observe the fitting and make alterations, if these are needed, as suggested for Frock 5789. Then remove the frock, stitch all seams, apply the facing to the neck and sleeve edges, finish the side opening, sew on the buttons and the fasteners. Make the belt, turn and secure the hem, following faithfully the explicit directions previously given for each detail.

Complete by giving the final pressing and tying the belt in an attractive bow at the front.

Pattern is for 36-inch bust. Material: 3 yards 36 inches wide.

[For alteration to other sizes, see No. 5789 description.]

Decorate Yourself.

With Xmas parties and gatherings all over the place, we must do something about looking extra decorative ourselves.

A new hair-do is one of the surest ways of giving a festive look to a face we have got a bit tired of seeing in the glass; if it is long have the hair cut short, for a youthful irrepressible look.

Give it a special shampoo, brush and polish it with a silk hanky and on the night add flowers and ribbon bows. Next, use a new powder, a brighter and gayer lipstick, a little eyeshadow, and a mere dash of your

favourite perfume. Try a new one which will give you an exotic atmosphere.

Wear your gay and decorative jewellery



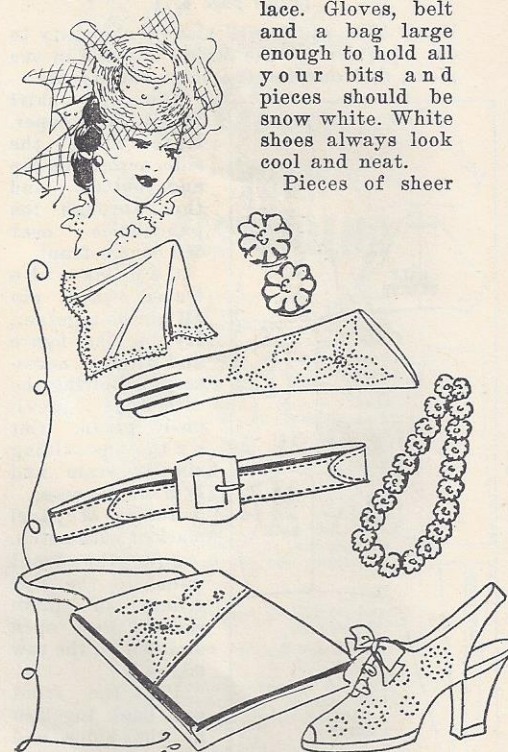
and lots of it. In these days of war, soldiers and sailors and airmen like their girls to look feminine and frilly.

White Flashes.

Play up the sunshine with a touch of

dazzling white on your frock. The daintiest lily white hankey must be edged with lace. Gloves, belt and a bag large enough to hold all your bits and pieces should be snow white. White shoes always look cool and neat.

Pieces of sheer



frivolity such as chunky white necklaces, earrings, or perhaps a white flower if you have a suit on, give such pristine freshness to a spring outfit.

DIRECT ROUTE to a Man's Heart...

What man doesn't enjoy good home cooking? But it must be good—no doubtful dishes or partial failures! That's why thousands of women throughout Australia always use AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

They *know* that its purity and quality never varies and that they can always rely on getting the best results from their cooking.



★ Over 400 practical recipes for tempting dishes are to be found in AUNT MARY'S COOKERY BOOK—the authentic guide to perfect cooking. To obtain your copy, send one shilling and twopence in stamps to Tillock and Co. Pty. Ltd., Kent and Liverpool Streets, Sydney.



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BAKING POWDER



Feeling only HALF alive?

Missing half the fun in life?
Feeling only half the man you were?
Playing golf with half a swing?
Missing half your putts?
My boy, you need a tonic!
Kruschen Salts will brace you up.
Kruschen gives your liver a new
lease of life. Kruschen freshens up
the kidneys. Kruschen takes the ache
out of your back and the pains
out of your joints. Kruschen gives
you an appetite and puts your
digestion into top gear.
Kruschen puts you back on your game.

KRUSCHEN

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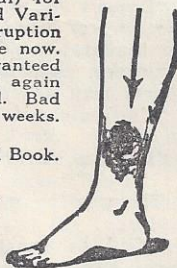
*Kruschen does not form a habit, so
there is never need to increase the dose
—as much as will cover a sixpence.
1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and
stores.*

9.7.41

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The latest Remedy (internal) for
healing Varicose Ulcers and Vari-
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No need to lie up. Guaranteed
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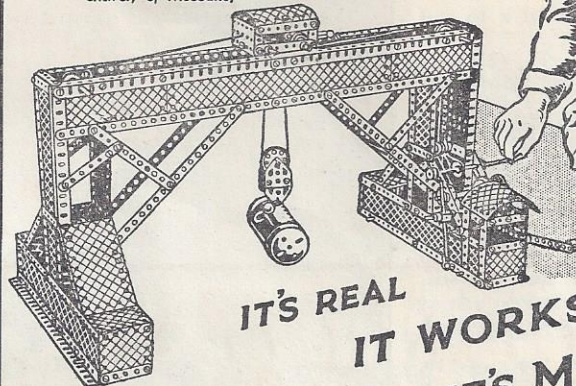
Boys! You can't beat Meccano. No other hobby
touches it for fun, interest and entertainment. It's so thrilling
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IT WORKS
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Baby's Happiness



You'll have smiles instead of
tears at teething time if you
give baby Ashton & Parsons'
Infants' Powders. They cool
the blood, act as a gentle
laxative and have a
comforting effect. Wise
mothers always keep
them handy because they
are so safe and reliable.

★ Box of 20 Powders, 1/7

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A CUDDLESOME PUP

Materials: 4 skeins of 4-ply wool (brown); 1 skein of 4-ply wool (white), (the coarse, cheaper quality is better than a good wool, since it will tease better); 1 pair of No. 11 knitting needles; 1 lb. of kapok for stuffing; 1 wire brush; 2 buttons for eyes; embroidery cotton for nose (black); 1 yard of gold satin ribbon.

Measurements: Length, about 15 inches. Height, about 8 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; st, stitch; tog., together.

Commence with main body piece. Cast on 20 sts. Knit the first row following into backs of cast-on sts.

Row 1—K twice into first st, k to last st, k twice into last st. Row 2—K. Repeat rows 1 and 2 twice.

Row 7—Cast on 20 sts, k to end of row. (46 sts.) k 19 rows.

Row 27—Cast off 15 sts, k to end of row.

Row 28—K.

Row 29—K 2 tog., k to end of row.

Row 30—K.

Repeat rows 29 and 30 twice. (28 sts.) K 40 rows.

Row 75—K twice into first st, k to end of row. Row 76—K.

Repeat rows 75 and 76 twice. (31 sts.)

Row 81—Cast on 15 sts, k to end of row. (46 sts.) K 9 rows.

Row 91—K to last st, k twice into last st.

Row 92—K.

Repeat rows 91 and 92 four times. (51 sts.)

Row 101—Cast off 22 sts, k to last st, k twice into last st. (30 sts.)

Row 102—K. Row 103—K 2 tog., k to last st, k twice into last st. Row 104—K.

Repeat rows 103 and 104 twice.

Row 109—Cast off 2 sts, k to last st, k twice into last st.

Row 110—K. Repeat rows 109 and 110.

Row 113—Cast off 3 sts, k to last st, k twice into last st. K 7 rows.

Row 121—K twice into first st, k to end of row. Row 122—K.

Repeat rows 121 and 122 three times.

Row 129—K twice into first st, k to last 2 sts, k 2 tog. Row 130—K.

Repeat rows 129 and 130.

Row 133—K to last 2 sts, k 2 tog.

Row 134—K. Repeat rows 133 and 134 five times.

Row 145—K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts, k 2 tog. Row 146—K.

Repeat rows 145 and 146 until 12 sts remain. Cast off.

Make another piece in the same way.

Underbody (starting at hindquarters).

Cast on 2 sts. Knit first row, following into backs of cast-on sts.

Row 1—K. Row 2—K twice into both sts.

Repeat rows 1 and 2 twice. Row 7—K.

Row 8—Cast on 20 sts for hind leg, k to end of row. Row 9—As row 8. (48 sts.) K 19 rows.

Row 29—Cast off 15 sts, k to end of row.

Row 30—As row 29.

Row 31—K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts, k 2 tog.

Row 32—K. Repeat rows 31 and 32 twice. (12 sts.) K 40 rows.

Row 73—K twice into first st, k to last st. K twice into last st.

Row 74—K. Repeat rows 73 and 74 twice. (18 sts.)

Row 79—Cast on 15 sts, k to end of row.

Row 80—As row 79. K 20 rows.

Row 101—Cast off 22 sts, k to end of row.

Row 102—As row 101.

Row 103—K 2 tog., k 2. Row 104—K 2 tog., k 1. Cast off.

Head Piece.

Cast on 2 sts, k into backs of cast-on sts.

Row 1—K twice into first and second sts. K 5 rows. Repeat these six rows five times. K 12 rows.

Row 49—K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts, k 2 tog., k 5 rows.



Repeat these six rows five times. Cast off.

Ears (1 white, 1 brown).

Cast on 4 sts, k into backs of cast-on sts.

Row 1—K twice into the first st, k to last st, k twice into last st. Row 2—K.

Repeat rows 1 and 2 five times. K 20 rows.

Row 33—K 2 tog. all along the row. Cast off.

Soles of Feet (4 alike).

Cast on 2 sts, k into backs of cast-on sts.

Work in garter-stitch, increasing 1 stitch at the beginning and end of every row until there are 10 sts.

K 6 rows, k 2 tog. at the beginning and end of every row until 2 sts remain. Cast off.

Tail.

Using white wool, cast on 4 sts.

Row 1—K twice into first st, k 2, k twice into last st. Row 2—K.

Repeat rows 1 and 2 four times. Break off white wool.

Row 11—Join brown wool, k twice into first st, k to the last st, k twice into last st.

Row 12—K. Repeat rows 11 and 12.

K 20 rows. Cast off.

Seam tail on the wrong side, turn and fill with kapok.

To Make Up the Toy.

Using wire brush, tease up all sections of the knitting except soles of the feet. With the wrong side of work facing, and commencing at the tail, sew the two body pieces together as far as the neck. Then seam

round the nose (top of cast-off sts) and down the chest. Sew in head piece, from the neck round the head and down to the nose (cast-on sts being at the neck).

Seam along the other side. Seam underbody to each side of main body section, leaving a space of about 2 inches in which to put the filling. Sew up legs and sew in the soles. Turn the work right side out and fill with kapok, making the pup a good shape. Sew up remaining seam.

Sew on the ears and tail. Using black embroidery cotton, work the nose. Sew on buttons for eyes. Tie ribbon in a bow around the neck.

Recommended.

"Who is the agent for these flats?" asked the prospective tenant.

"I can let the flats, ma'am," replied the man standing at the door.

"Are the rents reasonable?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What sort of a caretaker have you?"

"A very good one, ma'am."

"Is he polite and attentive?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Honest?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Doesn't he ever steal from parcels of groceries or other things left in his charge for tenants?"

"Never. A politer, more attentive, more honest man never lived."

"I'm delighted to hear that. Where is he now?"

"I'm him, ma'am!"

The wealthy man shook his head decisively.

"No," he snapped. "I'll give you no more money, Harold! You would only waste it in gambling, as usual!"

"But I've given all that up, uncle!" declared the nephew earnestly. "No more gambling for me!"

"It's in your blood," the rich man said sadly. "You couldn't refrain from gambling for a whole month!"

The nephew leaned forward eagerly.

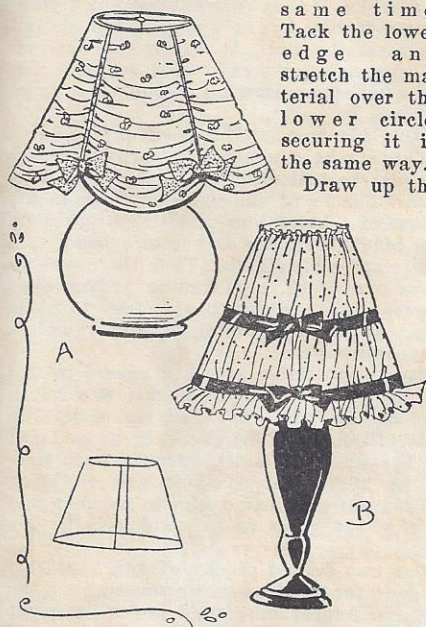
"What'll you bet?" he asked.

Dainty Lampshades.

Make yourself a dainty lampshade for your little sitting room or bedroom. The two designs sketched are very sweet and easy-to-make. Buy a wire frame or tear off silk or parchment from an old shade.

For design B choose fine jap silk, spotted voile, muslin, or other semi-transparent material; cut it one inch wider than the frame and long enough to go one-and-a-half times round the base.

Gather a thread through the centre of the material. Turn in the top and tack. Now turn this edge over the wire with a running stitch and secure it on the inside all round, gathering the fabric at the same time. Tack the lower edge and stretch the material over the lower circle, securing it in the same way. Draw up the



centre, gather thread and arrange the fullness evenly all round; make a frill about 2 inches and whip this on to lower edge. Cover join with a band of velvet ribbon. Place second band of ribbon over centre gather thread. Catch in place and finish with bows.

Design A is made in the same way, except that the material is cut just long enough to go round the frame and join neatly and three or four inches deeper. When you have secured the material to the frame, run gathering threads vertically over the downward wires of the frame.

Draw up and secure, and arrange bows of ribbon as shown. A soft pastel shade of georgette or voile for lamps, with darker bows, looks most effective.

Vinegar added to rinsing water on washing day prevents hands from becoming rough and chapped.

No. 4 Baby Book.

Our No. 4 Baby Book is an ideal guide on Baby Knitting and Crochet Work.

Eight pages of four-colour illustrations, showing in the finest detail the beautiful stitchery on many of the garments. A complete Christening Set, a Gumnut Set, Baby Bell Set, "Pippy" Shell Set. There are Boys' Outfits and Girls' Outfits, and one of the very newest Feather and Fan Sets; also a Special Crochet Set, and a Ruffled Crochet Set which is unique in its class; Fern Leaf Set, Pram Cover, Baby's Shawl, etc.

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When does a woman gain most weight?

FROM 20 TO 30?

FROM 30 TO 40?

FROM 40 TO 50?

Until 1926, women's figures were classified simply as "slim, medium or stout"—and corsets designed accordingly. But Berlei determined to find out just what were the differences between figures. So 6,000 women were accurately measured under the direction of the Department of Physiology, Medical School, Sydney University.

It was discovered that

—between 20 and 30 years of age the average woman's weight increases by 7 to 8 lbs.

—between 30 and 40 years of age she puts on 15 to 16 lbs.

—between 40 and 50 she puts on 9 to 10 lbs.

30 TO 40 THE DANGER YEARS!

If you have a young figure, keep it young! Even if you do not feel now that your figure needs positive control, there's danger in neglect. A little prevention will save a lot of regret.

SAFEGUARD YOUR YOUTH WITH A
TRUE-TO-TYPE BERLEI



A Berlei supports muscles and keeps internal organs in place. It actually hinders the accumulation of excess fat by exercising a gentle massage action.

WEAR A TRUE-TO-TYPE

Berlei

THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH [From page 45.]

adieux to his host, packed his bag, and caught the night train to London

It was an announcement in the "Morning Post" that told Ferrars his worst fears were realized. It was there in cold print, and though he said he had resigned himself to the inevitable, the announcement fell on his soul with a cold chill. A wedding was arranged and would shortly take place between the Right Honourable the Earl of Devereux and Miss Angela Vaughan.

"Confound it," he said savagely, "I can't get away from it. I did think I'd escape it in London in August, but it seems I made a mistake. Now, I suppose I'll hear of nothing but this marvellous engagement wherever I go. Where can a man go to escape it? I have it—I'll go up the river."

He even found pleasure in his renunciation, that was but a forced abnegation at best. His love for the girl became surrounded as with a halo of sanctity; as though she had been some wondrous goddess from a marvellous heaven, he tried to say that he was content to worship her hopelessly from afar. And then he met her face to face, and found his vows were but writ in water! She came towards him through an arch of glowing crimson and green, and he gasped as the pain of the meeting shot through his heart. Next moment he had disappeared down a winding alley, and was saying mournfully that he had done well to avoid her.

"If her life is tinged with sorrow," he whispered, "she must not have that sorrow brought back to her mind. She never saw me, thank God. I shall clear out of this at once, though. Oh, Angela! how beautiful you are!"

He waited until next day, however, before departing; and so the last act in the comedy was brought to its fulfilment.

The river was very alluring, and Ferrars determined that he would spend the day in fast, furious pulling, to get away from the visions that would haunt him whether awake or asleep. But there was not a boat to be had. A sudden influx of excursionists had taxed the resources of the boatmen, and the landing-places were void of craft.

"When you can't row—walk," he said; and set forth along the river's bank, striding blindly ahead, taking no heed to the manner of his going.

It was not until he had walked some miles that he found himself looking upon a part of the river that he did not know. A smooth, glassy stretch of water spread ahead of him, but close at his rear he heard the thudding rush of a weir. The torrent of foaming white was magnificent to look upon, and an old ivy-clad mill stood serenely unconscious of his presence. Up in the disappearing avenue of green water a red speck showed momentarily, re-appeared, and was seen to be a woman's parasol. A white dress showed beneath the red, and he found himself wondering vaguely what fool was bringing a boat down such a dangerous stretch of water. Then a loud cry bit through the startled air, and he knew that he was on the point of witnessing a catastrophe.

A boat was swirling down the water towards him. A man stood up in the bow and tried frantically to scull the craft into the side with one broken oar, while a girl sat in the stern, white-faced and wondering. Ferrars had hardly time to see that the girl was Angela and the man Devereux, before an eddy caught the boat, flung it savagely upon a horrid snag that protruded slightly above the foaming race, and then—the slight craft turned over, there was a pitiful scream, and the thing was done. A flash of white above the green, a momentary vision of a frightened face, a flannel-clad figure striking out with inexperienced strokes, and the tragedy was complete.

With his heart in his mouth, and the thought of the weir running through his brain like a flame of fire, Ferrars found himself flinging off his coat and kicking away his shoes. Then, without a thought of the danger he was encountering, he dived straight for where a wreath of bubbles showed momentarily above the river's surface. With tremendous strokes he cleft the water, poised for an instant above the spot where Angela had disappeared, and then dived deeply. His hand closed on something;

panting and gasping hard, he rose to the surface; one glance around told him where salvation lay, and he struck out bravely for the shore.

He had saved her life—and no man could do more, he said breathlessly. Her companion—what of him? He—Ferrars—was exhausted by his frenzied struggles for life, and it was not to be expected that he should risk that life again. In that moment an awful temptation came upon the man. He permitted himself one look at the pale face on the grass, and the demon of desire came into his soul. With Devereux out of the way, the path opened up clearly for himself. It was but a moment, but it left him weak and trembling.

"Good God!" he cried aloud, "it would be murder! and perhaps she loves him as I love her!" He gave no more time to thought, but plunged into the river again.

A black object had showed for an instant, almost in the creaming foam of the weir, and he knew that it was Devereux's head. His rival was still struggling feebly; but he was no swimmer, and another minute might witness the end. It was a race against time. On the one hand was an almost exhausted swimmer, on the other a drowning man, who was drawing perilously near to the weir.

Ferrars cannot tell to this day how it all happened. He has a dreamy recollection of fighting hard against a terrible suction that seemed to paralyse his stoutest efforts. He heard a deep thundering in his ears, saw flashes of sun-sparkled foam in his eyes, was vaguely conscious of a black blur amid the brightness, and then that this same black blur was Devereux's head, and that he had the drowning man in his clutch. Then there was an added thundering, a downward rush, a sickening jolting over something hard and uneven, and a shout that seemed to come from the infinite distance. After that, nothing but dim thunders and great pain, then unconsciousness.

He came to himself after incalculable ages had passed to find a face bent over him. He said dreamily that this was but a repetition of his visions of the past; but because something warm struck through the chill damp of his cheek, he gasped and attempted to rise. Another speck of moist warmth made imagination certainty, and he knew that someone was shedding tears. It was Devereux himself who lifted him to his feet and supported him through the wet grass to a comparatively dry spot.

"Gad, old chap, but that was deuced plucky of you," said his lordship. "Thought I'd gone for good when we soused over the weir. If it hadn't been for Angela here we'd never have got ashore; but I believe she scrambled through the shallows and lugged us both out."

Ferrars looked round, but the girl's face was hidden. He longed to thank her for saving him, but he felt that words were useless. Her hand was under his armpit, supporting him strongly, and he saw it tremble slightly.

"I've been thinking," said Devereux weakly, after a long while, "that there's a fate or something working about our lives, I should never have known the wrong I meditated but for this happening. I got my eyes open first, and when I looked up Angela was bending over you; and when I saw her face I knew what was the matter. So—I'm going to behave like a beast, Angela, my dear, I don't want to marry you. I'm going to jilt you, so that you can marry the man you love. Do you understand?" And he wriggled away from under Ferrars' shoulder and disappeared.

"What does he mean?" asked Ferrars blankly. "I—I don't quite understand." But the girl led him to a seat before she explained, and then knelt beside him, looking up with swimming eyes.

"Oh, isn't he a gentleman?" she cried excitedly. "I never knew I looked all I felt when I thought you were dead; but he must have known what was in my heart. Now, do you understand?"

So Ferrars understood.

But Lady Wilmington says that Lord Devereux may remain unwed for ever if he depends upon her assistance in the choice of a wife. She designates his conduct in openly jilting Angela as quite ungentlemanly.

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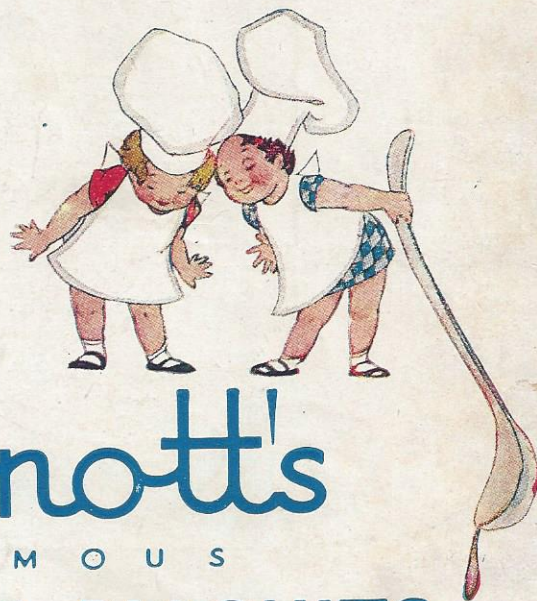
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